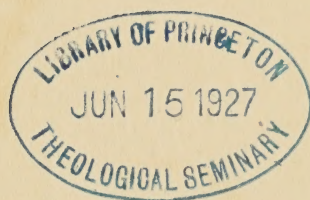


STARS OF THE MORNING

HOWARD K. WILLIAMS



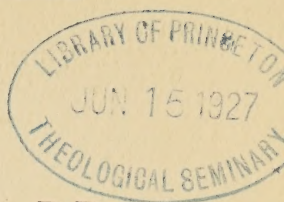
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Stars of the morning

STARS OF THE MORNING

HOWARD KING WILLIAMS, D.D.

STARS OF THE MORNING



BY

HOWARD KING WILLIAMS, D.D.



NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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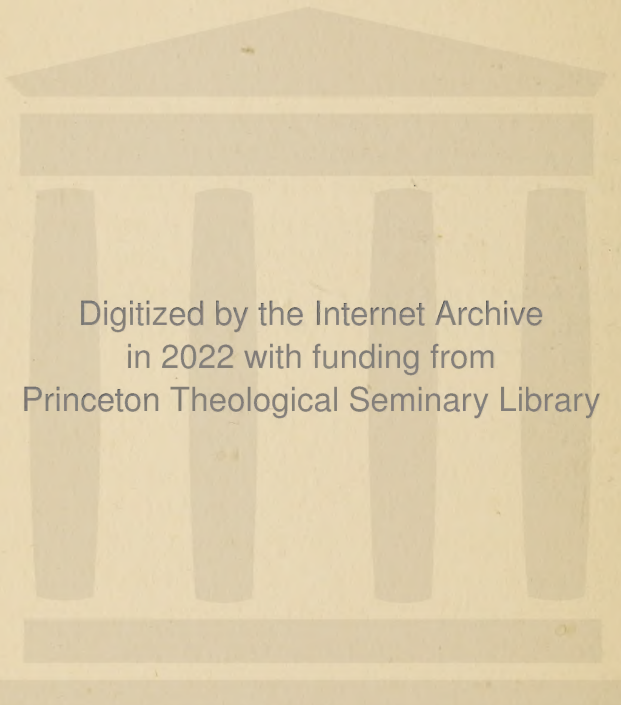
STARS OF THE MORNING
— B —
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Our present blessings have their roots in the past. The darkness has been relieved by the shining of lives inspired of God.

Knowledge of such lives gives us cause for gratitude and also points the way to more light.

Living with these men, perchance we may become somewhat like them.

George S. Innis says: We are to a certain extent the sum of our heroes, the combination of the men we have learned to admire and follow.



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PREFACE

The title for this book was suggested to me first by the designation of John Huss as the "Morning Star of the Reformation." I began thinking of those who had effectively inaugurated new movements upward, and this led to the selection I have made for these chapters.

Other names might easily have been added, such as that of Florence Nightingale, who might be called the "Morning Star of the Red Cross"; but I wished to keep the series, first delivered as Sunday evening meditations, within reasonable limits.

To call these men "Morning Stars" does not in any sense lessen the regard due to those men and women who have served, many of them conspicuously, in ushering in a new day, but these I have selected seem to me to have had both the power and the opportune time to make effective their efforts toward reform. Dante, for example, came just at the beginning of the Renaissance. On that crest he rose and at the same time made spiritually effective that movement by writing his great poem in popular language,—a new and daring thing to do. The spirit of the Renaissance made successful his daring innovation, and his innovation made more effective the Renaissance.

So in the case of Wycliffe and each of these others—their special ability and courage, together with the fulness of time, united to make effective their work.

Many other brave souls wrought as earnestly, some perhaps as skilfully, but the times were not ripe to bring their sacrifices to fruition. So while many heroic souls fought and died for great principles without any apparent permanent results, these men in each case made effective great movements upward, the benefits of which we are enjoying today in the ever unfolding and enlarging liberty now becoming the common heritage of us all.

The chapter on "Jesus, the Day Star" is in this series not as one of these men, but as *The One* from whom these received their inspiration and power, and without whom none of these characters could have been.

FOREWORD

Sordid experiences constantly press upon us in daily life. To rest from these amid high ideals is refreshing to our tired spirits and bodies, and is necessary if we would not be altogether creatures of the physical. No means so unfailingly fruitful in surrounding one with these high thoughts have I ever found as in living with high-souled people.

It has been my constant thought, in presenting this series of sketches, to give the facts of these lives, but also to maintain the atmosphere of their very person and times, that a tired person picking up the book might immediately be transported into another country and age, and verily live with Dante and Shakespeare and the others.

To this end I have tried carefully to select the facts and to include here and there a story that would make these men real.

With the fond hope that these characters may become your real, living friends, I send this book on its way.

H. K. W.

Philadelphia.

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THE DAY STAR

JESUS

YESTERDAY—TODAY—FOREVER

“But Thee, but Thee, O sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poet’s Poet, Wisdom’s Tongue,
But Thee, O man’s best Man, O love’s best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O all men’s Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest,—
What *if* or *yet*, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor, rattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture’s grasp, or sleep’s, or death’s,—
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ?”

Sidney Lanier.

“This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”
—Matthew 3: 17.

“And we have the word of prophecy made more sure;
whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a lamp
shining in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-
star arise in your hearts.”—Peter.

JESUS

WE had rattled along all day over the hills and valleys of Galilee on the rather doubtful roads made by travel in what the natives were pleased to call carriages,—affairs seating eight people including the driver and drawn by three horses abreast. As the day wore on to late afternoon, the horses trudged up a steep hill whose limestone ridge seemed to cut the deep blue of the sky; swished suddenly around a ledge and there lay a town in the cup-like hollow of the hills. "This is Nazareth," our driver volunteered. Houses among olive and fig trees staggered from the bottom of the hollow irregularly up to the crest on every side.

Here in a little house similar to these we were now seeing, some two thousand years ago, a young girl perhaps sixteen to eighteen years of age knelt in prayer. She was praying the prayer of every good woman of Israel in that ancient day,—that God might bless her in allowing her to be the mother of the long hoped for Messiah. The answer came: "Hail thou highly favored among women, the Lord is with thee. Thou shalt bring forth a child and thou shalt call his name Jesus. Of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Glad, yet anxious, Mary sought council of

her cousin in Hebron, seventy-four miles away. It was a long journey for a young girl of that day, but it was worth it. She came back reassured. To Elizabeth also had come a prophecy proving her own. It helped in those difficult months following, to know that Elizabeth at least knew the truth of her condition, even tho they looked askance at her in Nazareth. Then, too, Joseph to whom she was betrothed, trusted her altogether, and that was infinite comfort. No wonder when he must go to Bethlehem to be enrolled according to Roman law, she chose to flee the gossip of the town, and go with him. So from this little town on which we are looking, they went to Bethlehem.

For three days they traveled southward; she riding on a donkey, he walking by her side. At noon they would stop in some shady pomegranate grove and rest. So after three days, about midday, they passed the Joppa gate of Jerusalem, and a little later the tomb, where Jacob tearfully buried Rachel in the long ago, and in the chill of evening they ascended a hill, and entered the gateway to the main street of Bethlehem, the little crescent-town upon the hilltop. It was a busy place tonight for from all quarters these natives of the "City of David" had come at the command of Rome. The hospitality of the town was taxed to the limit, and no shelter could these travelers find save a part of the inn where the cattle slept.

What story equals in poetic charm the record

of that night! The watching shepherds! The soft light of heaven; the singing angels, and later by three months, perhaps, the picturesque journey of the wise men and their kingly gifts to the infant Jesus, so well portrayed by Dr. Henry Van Dyke in "The Other Wise Man"!

Two years have passed. Old Herod who had tried to kill the possible rival to Judea's throne is dead, and out from Egypt where they had sought refuge, Joseph and Mary come with the child, back again to Nazareth.

What a childhood with such a mother in that land of flowers! Those walks they took together in the evening when the day's work was done! How from his mother's lips, he learned his first lessons of God's care of the flowers of the field and the birds of the air, and with her recited the passages from the Old Testament, and so gained that knowledge of Scripture which later astonished those who heard him! A childhood, unknown to the world, save that he grew in stature and wisdom, and in favor with God and man. One flash of light in those years reveals him for a moment with the doctors in the temple.

At length came sterner days. The father is dead. Jesus is running the business. They must now talk sometimes about making ends meet. Then one day Jesus tells his mother, that which in her heart she knew, and dreaded, that he must go away,—away from that quiet happy life, to do hard work,—His Father's business.

"It's got to be, and it's goin' to be!
So at least I always try
To kind o' say in a patient way,
Well, it's *got* to be. Good-bye!"

And now, at the age of thirty, he stands before his austere cousin John for baptism. But John objects on the ground that he is not worthy to baptize Jesus. Jesus insists and there comes the divine approval when Jesus takes his place with men as the champion for God—a place challenged in a three-fold test by Satan, but made secure by the Master's three-fold victory. From the wilderness Jesus came forth victor over sin. "Paradise lost in the garden; Paradise regained in the wilderness."

"Behold the lamb of God!"—these words were spoken by John beyond Jordan, as Jesus soon after his temptation walked one day along the street in Bethabara. The two disciples who heard John speak followed Jesus. One of them, Andrew, soon after brought his brother Peter; and John, his brother James. These four, John and James, Peter and Andrew, young men, vigorous and fresh with youth and ambition, loved Jesus when they came in personal touch with Him.

"O how you'll love Him,
When you know Him!"

What drew and held them? Some say his personal characteristics. No portrait was ever

made of Him. All attempts to picture Him are mere guesses, yet that people loved Him for Himself—children, youth in life's green spring, the learned, the poor—of this there is no doubt.

Jesus purposed to return home with these new companions, and on the way they added to their number Philip of Bethsaida and Nathaniel of Cana. With these six young men he arrived in Nazareth to find his mother had gone to Cana, five miles farther on, to a wedding, and Jesus with his friends attend the wedding, where Jesus performed his first miracle.

The public life of Jesus thus opened, continued about three years and may be divided roughly into three parts, the year of obscurity, the year of growing popularity, the year of increasing opposition.

Little record is made of that *first year*, except that most of it is spent in the south, in Judea. Here He upbraids the money changers in the temple; talks with Nicodemus about eternal life, and then starts northward through Samaria stopping at Jacob's well and reaches at last His old home town, Nazareth.

The *second year* is spent in the north with Capernaum as headquarters. Varied reports had come to Nazareth and "as His custom was he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." They asked Him to read and this is what He read from Isaiah 61:11,—“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he has anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me

to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." And they wondered, as He spoke, at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth; but *some*, it is always so, some hated him for his very goodness and tried to push him over the brow of the hill above the village. He passed through their midst unharmed and went to Capernaum, which became the centre of his Galilean ministry. This ministry may be epitomized in these words of Mark:—"Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them and healed them." What a picture of that beautiful Sabbath evening ministry, symbolic of all Jesus' life!

His popularity so increased during this period of Galilean ministry that the crowd wanted to make Him King by force. To escape this undesired kind of popularity, for the only popularity Jesus wants is to be king in the heart, Jesus took a few disciples and retired secretly to Decapolis, a region just south of Damascus. Yet even here, he could not be hid, and his gracious work continued. During this period, Peter responds to Jesus' question as to who He is, in those immortal words—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." What would your answer have been? Also, on one of those

days, Jesus is transfigured before them, and from that time the shadow of the Cross falls across the pathway of Jesus, and the second year of his ministry draws to a close.

The *third year* opens with Jesus again in the busy throngs of Judea and Perea. Under the shadow of the cross, He steadfastly continues his gracious ministry of words and works. Then comes the last week beginning Sunday with the triumphal entry into Jerusalem; Monday, the cleansing of the temple; Tuesday, a day of teaching in the temple; Wednesday, a day hidden from our view; Thursday, the last Passover and the first Lord's Supper; Friday, the six mock trials, three ecclesiastical and three civil; then the cross.

“Droop, Sacred Head,
Upon that breast divine,
The strife is o'er,
The victory is Thine.
Hush, sounds of earth,
Sink, sink thou mournful sun;
On Calvary's cross,
Lo! mercy's work is done.
Gaze, mortal gaze,
The Saviour hangs for thee,
Silent in death,
Upon the accursed tree.
Love, holiest love,
Shall earth and heaven atone,
In fadeless day,
From Christ's eternal throne!”

Death had no power over Him. He is seen again, the same yet different; changed and not changed, with the body that shall be. So He leaves the disciples that He may be with us all, always, for as Drummond points out, had He remained in the body to this day, millions would crowd to see Him. The ocean liners would be filled, the trains and roads leading to Jerusalem congested, the streets hopelessly jammed with people who had traveled from far and near to catch a glimpse of the great Christ. But only a few of these could ever hope to see Him, and then only catch a fleeting glimpse, while millions, too poor to travel, could never hope to see Him. But now that He has gone, He has also come again, that the richest and the poorest might have Him always.

“Speak to Him then for He hears,
And spirit with spirit can meet;
Closer is He than breathing,
And nearer than hands and feet.”

Of the importance of the resurrection, Noah K. Davis writes,—“Beginning with His birth at Bethlehem and ending with the apocalyptic revelation of Himself at Patmos, the arch of events has for its keystone, His resurrection from the dead, without which they fall away. Indeed without this, the total of Christianity would disappear, ‘for if Christ has not been raised our faith is vain.’ ”

The extraordinary Christ! Extraordinary, in birth, in life, in present power! Truly did Charles Lamb say in a company of savants,—
“If Shakespeare should enter, we would all rise. If Jesus should enter, we would all kneel.”

This Sun of the new day, the Day-Star, lights up the face of God and the path of man; sends its healing rays into sin and darkness, steals away the shadow of death, and rises in ever increasing splendor toward the day when He shall reign for ever and ever.

“Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.”

* * *

Out on a hill overlooking the city of Damascus, a few of us stood one afternoon at the hour of three, the Mohammedan hour of prayer. From the graceful minaret of a near-by mosque, the Muezzin called all good Mohammedans to worship, with these words,—

“Come to prayer!
Come to peace!
Come to progress!

There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.”

From the minaret of Heaven comes the call to every soul,—

“Come to prayer!
Come to peace!
Come to progress!

There is no God but Jehovah, and Jesus is
the Saviour.”

THE MORNING STAR OF THE
RENAISSANCE

DANTE ALIGHIERI

ITALY

(1265-1321)

“Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates,
To whom his country hers refused to ope.”
Michelangelo.

DANTE

FIRENZE LA BELLA, the people of Tuscany call this charming Italian city." Firenze means to bloom;—this is Florence, the flower of the Apennines in a valley of the olive groves, orchards and vineyards,—Florence the beautiful.

The history of the city of Florence goes back two centuries before Christ's birth,—a glorious past, with an attractive present. Divided by the Arno, with fine churches and squares, attractive bridges, clean though narrow streets, the city of Florence is crowded with historic and literary memories. Here lived and worked such men as Latine the writer, Calvalcante the poet, Giotto, architect, sculptor and painter; Boccaccio, the father of the modern novel. Here, too, Savonarola wielded such mighty influence, and in the public square was at last burned to death. As one stands on the Ponte Vecchia he can almost see the Apollo-like Tito of George Eliot's creation, leap into the engulfing arms of the Arno from the infuriated mob.

In one of the high old houses bordering on the market square, lived Aldighiero Alighieri with his wife Bella. To this home on a fine May morning in 1265 a little son was given. They called him Durante, "he who endures."

Later they shortened the name to Dante, "the giver," destined to be the giver of the greatest Italian poem and one of the greatest poems ever created.

The life of Dante naturally divides into three periods. First. To the death of Beatrice in 1290. Second. The Political Period (1290-1302). Third. The Period of Exile (1302-1321).

While Dante was yet a baby, his mother died, and his father's time was much occupied with city affairs, so that the boy was left largely to his own devices. Fortunately he chose well. He acquired a good education and taught himself the art of verse writing, a thing much in vogue in that day.

Longfellow says of this *first period*, "It was a quiet, peaceful youth, passed in the study of philosophy and music and painting and poetry; and in the companionship of learned men and artists."

At a little social gathering when he was not quite nine years old, Dante saw a little girl. She wore a red dress and her face was so innocently beautiful, her manner so gentle, that Dante says—"She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God." Her name was Beatrice. (Pronounce it in the soft Italian accent Be-a-tré'-sha). It was nine years later before he saw her again, yet she had remained fresh in his memory. This time she greeted him so graciously as he passed her on the street,

that he says, "I seemed to see the heights of blessedness." His love for her was entirely a spiritual and ideal affection, which continued in a sort of spiritual worship unmarked by jealousy, even after she was married to another. While Dante was absent from Florence on a mission for his city, Beatrice died and with her death, the youth of Dante was ended.

The *second period* opens with Dante twenty-five years of age, throwing himself into the public affairs of the city. He married one Gemma de Donati. Boccaccio exclaims of her, "O inconceivable torture, to live and converse and grow old and die with such a jealous creature!" This however, may have been only his own opinion, though Dante leaves no record of his domestic affairs and in the period of his exile, his wife never joined him.

It was an age of bitter feuds. The Ghibelines, supporting the Emperor of Germany, and the Guelfs, who were endeavoring to establish the temporal power of the pope and who later sub-divided into the Neri (blacks) and Bianchi (whites) left Florence in a turmoil. Dante, perhaps to submerge his grief at the death of Beatrice, threw himself into the struggle, proved himself an able leader and was elected one of six Priors of the city. While absent on an errand for the city, his opponents ascended to power and Dante with others, was forbidden to return to Florence on pain of being burned alive. So closes the second period of Dante's

life, "bereft of home and all his worldly goods."

The *third period*, extending over nineteen years, is one of wandering in exile. How deep the sorrow of Dante can be measured only by the greatness of his love for his native city. He writes, "It pleased the citizens of the fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me out of her sweet bosom, where I was born, and bred, and passed half of the life of man, and in which, with her good leave, I still desire with all my heart to repose my weary spirit and finish the days allotted to me. Truly I have been a vessel without sail and without rudder." Yet when offered an opportunity of returning to Florence if he would confess he had done a wrong, he refused. So he wandered to Verona and Paris; some say even to Oxford; to Pisa and at last to Ravenna in 1313 where he continued to live until his death in 1321. He never saw Florence again. His remains were hidden until 1865, and though the city of Florence would then gladly have his body buried there, Ravenna rightly retains it as a precious heritage.

Of Dante's appearance, Boccaccio says, "He was of middle height, stooping, becomingly dressed; face long; aquiline nose; large eyes; heavy jaw; dark, sad, courteous, civil."

On the wall of the Palace of the Podesta in Florence is a painting of Dante by Giotto executed about 1300. The place was later turned into a jail and the room on the wall of which

the portrait was painted was used as a store-room. The walls were whitewashed and the precious picture was covered. In 1840, through the combined efforts of three men, an American, an Englishman, and an Italian, the painting was discovered and restored. This is the only likeness there is of Dante with the exception of a mask made at the time of Dante's death in Ravenna. Of him, Longfellow says,—

“What should be said of him cannot be said;
By too great splendor is his name attended;
To blame is easier those who him offended
Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.
This man descended to the doomed and dead
For our instruction; and then to God
ascended.

Heaven opened wide to him its portals
splendid.”

The outstanding fact of Dante's life is his great poem the “Divine Comedy.” He wrote other poems. He did other things; but this poem casts all other achievements of his life in obscure shadows.

The name “Comedy” is used in the original meaning of that term,—a sad beginning, working up to a happy ending. The term “Divine” was added by early lovers of the poem. The first seven cantos were written during the second period of Dante's life, while in Florence, after his marriage. On his exile and the loss of all, Dante gave up hope of recovering the can-

tos along with the loss of other things. They were discovered by a friend and sent to him with a request that he might finish the poem. Thirteen of the later cantos were placed by Dante in a secret closet in a wall in Ravenna and were not discovered until after his death.

The Divine Comedy is divided into three parts—the *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio*, and the *Paradiso*.

The pictures are colored by fourteenth century thought; but eternal truths are couched therein.

Dante began his poem at about the age of thirty-five so his *Inferno* opens—

“Midway upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a forest dark.”

In the wood he is opposed by three animals—a wolf (cupidity), a lion (pride), a leopard (lust). Four sluggish rivers wind through the place, the rivers of sorrow, hate, fire, forgetfulness. At last he comes to the entrance to Hell over whose portals he reads,—

“All hope abandon, ye who enter here.”

Led by Virgil, the old Roman poet, so idealized in Dante's day as emblematic of science and philosophy, Dante finds himself in a great funnel-shaped place penetrating to the center of the earth. The cone grows smaller as he proceeds through ever narrowing circles, nine of

them. 1st, the place of the heathen who knew not Christ; 2nd, those who lived only for pleasure; 3rd, gluttonous; 4th, avaricious; 5th, the angry; 6th, heretics; 7th, murderers and flatterers; 8th, political and religious revolutionists; 9th, Judas and traitors of all sorts, to the bottom of this last circle where a great giant, Satan, encased in ice ever struggles to be free—but ever freezes the more securely. A graphic, if grotesque, picture of the helplessness of sin! Trembling, Dante is led by Virgil through a secret passage out to the bright world on the other side,—

“Thence we came forth to rebehold the stars,” emerging as Easter Day is dawning.

His journey now takes him through Purgatory. Dante pictures Purgatory as an island thrown up when Satan was cast into the depth of the earth. It consists of seven broad terraces rising through: 1st, Pride; 2nd, Envy; 3rd, Anger; 4th, Gloom and Indifference; 5th, Avarice; 6th, Gluttony; 7th, Incontinence; then to the summit, or Earthly Paradise—where is the Garden of Eden. For Dante teaches that man may gain Heaven only as he first recovers a perfect earthly life.

Farther Virgil, representative of moral philosophy, cannot go, and a strange thing happens,—a power *drawing upward* as naturally as gravity on earth *draws downward*, carried Dante into the presence of Beatrice, representative of

Divine Wisdom. Having drunk of a stream of purifying water she points out to him, he comes forth from Purgatory,—

“Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars.” In Paradise, under the guidance and care of Beatrice, he mounts upward. A golden ladder rises into inexpressible light. He hears music so sweet, that much of it his senses cannot take in. Upward through nine heavens he passes, (1) the Moon, where dwell the satisfied; (2) Mercury, the place of the performers of great deeds; (3) Venus, where the great lovers are; (4) Sun, where dwells heavenly wisdom; (5) Mars, where are the crusaders and martyrs of the faith; (6) Jupiter, the place of lovers of righteousness; (7) Saturn, the repose of meditation and silence; (8) the fixed stars; then a golden ladder by which he climbs to (9) the Empyrean, the Heaven of light and love.

Beatrice has disappeared, for even the finest human love is not enough to bring one to God, and St. Bernard guides him even to God Himself, whom beholding, mortals at last find *peace*, in

“The love which moves the sun and the other stars.”

Why call Dante the morning star of the Renaissance? He was not the day, but he heralded the day, for he first dared to put in the vernacular of his people the loftiest thoughts. Hitherto Latin or Greek was the only garb considered dignified enough for high thoughts.

Indeed the first seven cantos of the Comedy were originally written in Latin. These, Dante later translated into Tuscan, and wrote the rest of the poem in that language. Men were astonished that he should use the vulgar tongue. One monk says—"It seemed a difficult, nay, incredible thing, that those most high conceptions could be expressed in common language, nor did it seem to me right that such a science should be clothed in such plebeian garments." Dante answers,—“When I recalled the condition of the present age, and saw the songs of the illustrious poets esteemed almost at naught, I threw aside the delicate lyre and attuned another more befitting the ear of moderns;—*for the food that is hard we hold in vain to the mouths of sucklings.*”

Others followed him in the popularizing of high thoughts which cannot be accomplished in a language limited to the few. He dared trust lofty thoughts to lowly people in lowly language, and did thereby raise the people and the language, for Dante's Italian is still the modern loved tongue after these six centuries, and his thoughts still influence our theological thinking.

Who can tell the limit of his influence on Wycliffe, who put the Bible into the language of his people; on Huss, who preached in the common tongue, or on Luther who translated the Bible into German!

The only hope of the re-birth of learning in any age, or of the effective presentation of great

thoughts is, that every man shall hear high truths in his own tongue.

So Dante, denied the object of his love; a wanderer exiled from the city he loved beyond common love, resolutely wrote with "borrowed ink," "toilfully climbing the steps of others," that he might bring down from the very throne of God, majesty and light.

He made plain that the path of sin leads to the helplessness of hell from which no moral philosophy can remove us, and that though love, even so pure a love as that for Beatrice, may lead us to Paradise, yet no power save the Christian life typified in St. Bernard can at last bring us into the very presence of God, where alone the soul finds peace.

"There was none other good enough
To pay the price of sin
He only could unlock the gate of Heaven
And let us in."

At the age of fifty-six this star of the renaissance, having passed through his Inferno and Purgatorio on earth, ascended into the great empyrean.

There he shines, the Morning Star of that longed-for day, when the "knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

THE MORNING STAR OF THE
OPEN BIBLE

JOHN WYCLIFFE

ENGLAND

(1320-1384)

"It was almost four hundred years after his death before men began to understand Wycliffe's relation to English history, and to do justice to the great-souled leader who supplied the philosophical and Scriptural basis for the reformation."

George S. Innis.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And a light unto my path."

Psalm 119:105.

WYCLIFFE

WE are told that the early Christians went everywhere preaching—what? The word. Every Christian who would maintain the simplicity of Christianity must follow the same plan. Paul says, “I would rather speak five words with understanding than ten thousand in an unknown tongue.” The ascendancy of the church to temporal power, made her leaders fearful lest the general reading of Scripture would reveal their own nefarious practices. So the Bible was obscured. In what we call the dark ages, only a few leaders in the Church had access to the Scriptures, and this only in Latin or Greek, and their use of Scripture was not to guide life, but to establish their prestige. Such was the condition at the beginning of the Renaissance. In this darkness a star arose in England in the person of John Wycliffe, heralding the day when the Bible should be accessible to all.

The life of John Wycliffe (it is said that there are some fifty different ways of spelling his name) divides conveniently into three parts:—1, Early life; 2, Oxford years; 3, Lutterworth days.

Records, in those days, were not accurately

kept, if kept at all. The exact date of his birth is not known, but it was somewhere about 1320, near Richmond, Yorkshire, England. Just as the star of Dante was setting in Ravenna, Wycliffe's arose in England. His father was a squire and of such station that John could be given opportunities for an education. We can imagine his religious life also, being nourished in these early days. At about the age of fifteen he went to Oxford.

Oxford in Wycliffe's day was a battlefield, as well as a university. Within the university were two factions, "nations" they called them, the North, "Boreales," breathing the independence of the hills, and the South, the "Australes," supporting the papacy and established things. Wycliffe attended Baliol College and so took his place with the North, and in this militant atmosphere, early learned to champion his views.

Also in those good old times of which we hear so much, the town folk and the students were at constant war. Now and then a few were killed in the fray. Jews were not permitted to charge more than 43 per cent. for loans to students. Bare damp rooms were shared by three or four students, and in flickering uncertain light they studied, and lived on bread and beer.

Oxford, always known as the centre of freedom, aroused at one time the wrath of Henry III to such degree that he threatened to hang all the students for their views. Students of theology studied not the Bible as one would suppose,

but such writers as Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus.

In this atmosphere Wycliffe applied himself to study with energy, and after receiving his university degree, continued at Oxford working for higher degrees. He began teaching and before long his clear logic, broad knowledge and convincing manner gave him the reputation of being the most learned man in England. His class rooms were crowded. He was immensely popular with the students.

In his study and teaching his own thoughts were clarified. He brought Scripture to bear upon social, national, international, ecclesiastical life. He held that Scripture is the basis for living in *all* relations of life. He saw the corruption of ignorant priests about him, and yet their power over people because of their supposed miraculous gift of changing the bread and wine into the actual body of Christ in the eucharist. He searched the Scriptures and proved from them that transubstantiation was false. He saw vast sums go out of England to support a profligate pope who was then living in luxury in Avignon, France. He hurled the weight of his great learning and personality against these religious and national wrongs. The *nation* needed just such an advocate as he, so his Oxford days were shared during twelve years with national duties. He was summoned to London, where he wrote and spoke for Parliament against Italian cardinals living on Eng-

lish money and farming out churches in England to corrupt adventurers who never saw their charges and never cared to see them, or even worse, using some of the money sent from England to pay French troops to fight England.

Time cannot be given here to tell the interesting story of these London days. His appeal as at Oxford was always to Scripture. He was a troublesome doctor of divinity to the Roman church and there was no law then in England to burn heretics. He was brought to trial in St. Paul's, London; a trial ending in a riot between those who opposed him and his champion, John of Gaunt. Pope Urban VI summoned him to appear before him, for the beneficent purpose of burning him, but Wycliffe wisely refused to accept the invitation. And his only crime was, that he tried to live according to the Bible and to persuade others to live that way. Surely his opponents were not *Bible* Christians.

Five "bulls" were issued against him in 1377, but Wycliffe was too popular a man to be very much affected by a papal "bull." However, under severe pressure, in 1383 he was finally banished from Oxford as teacher. It was a bad thing for Oxford, for the students dropped to one-fifth their number. It was a good thing for coming generations, for students and scholars flocked to his little parish in Lutterworth, where Wycliffe now continued, uninterrupted, the work that had been so often shared with his manifold duties. He gave himself to the

translation of the Bible in the English language and to the writing of tracts. These he placed in the hands of faithful men whom he instructed, and sent out to teach the Bible to the common people. These "*Lollards*" as they were called were men of all degrees of learning and ignorance, but they were sincere and earnest and like the early disciples "went everywhere preaching the word." They laid a strong foundation for the religious and political freedom of England. "We might date the beginning of religious and civil freedom with the proclamation of Wycliffe's views of government and the establishing of them in the minds of the people by reading the Bible."

Those last days of Wycliffe's are beautiful, with the story of his kindly pastoral care of the common people of Lutterworth, for he *lived* the things he taught.

Not strong at any time, the prodigious labors and trials of Wycliffe were now telling upon him, and on December 31, 1384 as the old year died, Wycliffe ceased from his labors and his works do follow him. "A Happy New Year!" better yet, "A Happy Eternity!" was his as he entered the Eternal City.

His body was laid to rest in Lutterworth, having escaped the burning stake. But thirty years later in 1415, the council of Constance, which condemned John Huss to be burned, decreed that the remains of John Wycliffe should be disinterred and burned. It was not until twelve

years after, that Bishop Fleming with a great gathering of dignitaries, engaged in the interesting service to mankind of digging up the decayed remains of Wycliffe, buried there forty-two years before, and burning them; casting the ashes into the little brook called "Swift." Five centuries later, Andrew Fuller, the friend of William Carey, quaintly remarks:—"The brook did convey his ashes to the Avon, the Avon into Severn, the Severn into the narrow sea; these into the main ocean, and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were an emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

A granite column now marks the place where once his body lay, with an inscription which would have had his approval,—

"Search the Scriptures!"

What a man he was!—A tall thin figure, clad in black gown; a flowing beard, clear cut features and penetrating eyes, lips resolute; kingly, yet kindly withal, rightly called as he stands there amid the shadows, the "Morning Star of the Reformation" and this because he was the Morning Star of the *Open Bible*.

Why call John Wycliffe the Morning Star of the Open Bible?

In Wycliffe's day, the Bible was a lost book. Even the clergy did not know the Bible and did not want to know it. The common people received all they knew of religion from the priests.

The revival of learning aided so greatly by Dante in Europe by his writing the Divine Comedy in the common language of Tuscany, instead of the not commonly understood Latin, captured the imagination of Wycliffe. *He sought for light and found the Bible.* Having found the Bible, he felt others should find it too, and so he set to work to translate it into the common language, not the Norman French spoken at court, but the common English of the people. He knew that the Bible would be a closed book no matter what the language in which translated, unless it is known. It was a day of manuscripts, before printing had come in, so he had copies made and sent out his preachers to preach the Bible in the common tongue. *The creative idea of Wycliffe was to put the Bible and reason into the practical living of every Christian.*

As the monk objected to Dante writing high thoughts in common language, even more strenuously did the ecclesiastics object to Wycliffe's translation of the Bible, saying "the English language was not a fit instrument for the Bible, the vulgar tongue too common for the holy word."

Ecclesiastical Councils had forbidden common people to read the Bible or have a copy in their possession; but Wycliffe said,—
"Though there were one hundred popes and all the world were turned into cardinals, yet we should learn more from the Gospels than from

all the multitude"; and *what Christian, whatever his creed, dare dispute it?*

What effect Wycliffe's Bible and his Lollards' preaching has had on succeeding generations cannot be estimated. Put the Bible into the hands of a people and you have sown the seed of liberty—ecclesiastical, political, industrial, spiritual. Wycliffe opened the Bible and bid the English people read! And how they loved it! To obtain a copy of a little part of Scripture some paid \$200; some a load of hay for a few chapters of a Gospel or letter, and while they were ordered by the Church to burn it, there are one hundred and seventy of Wycliffe's copies still existing, though there was no printing press at that time. His effect on the reformation was great. John Huss amid his persecution exclaimed, "I am content that my soul be where Wycliffe's is."

In one of the last public addresses of Dr. Russell H. Conwell, he told of going with a party up Mt. Ararat. The way was hard and dangerous and some of the party wanted to go back, but others wanted to reach the top. The guide was finally persuaded by a bribe to go back. The few who wanted to go on, could not, without a guide. Dr. Conwell said, "It was a mean thing to steal our guide, for we could not go on without him and he was the only guide we had." Then placing his hand upon the Bible, he said, "If any man tries to steal this Book from me, he is my enemy, for it is the

only guide I have up to the top of the mountain." No matter what his name, or garb, or claim, he is a mean enemy who will steal the open Bible from a man. He is a herald of the day, who opens the Bible to others.

Back in Josiah's day the "Book of the Law," the Bible of that day, had been lost. An old priest, Hilkiyah, cleaning out a dark corner of the Temple, found the only copy. To-day the Bible, in whole or part, is printed in more than six hundred different dialects and languages. In sales, the Bible this last year outnumbered the leading "best sellers," put together.

Yet with so many copies in the hands of people there is danger that the Bible be a lost book. How many of us have read the Bible to-day? This week? How many know it well enough to obey it? The Bible in any language is of no value unless it be translated into life. It is not a talisman to bring good luck into a home, nor a magic wand to ward off a bullet from a soldier's heart. It is not a text book to furnish ammunition for an argument. It is a *guide* to tell us how to go to the top of life's mountain. Only as it is translated into living, does it bring the day.

There he shines, John Wycliffe, the Star of the Open Bible, bidding us read and make it ours; bidding us live and make it theirs who know it not. Only so will the day of freedom come.

"History's pages but record
One Death grapple in the darkness 'tween old
systems
And the *Word*."

Everywhere the open Bible goes and is translated into living, it brings light and refinement of character. So each age adds to the cumulative evidence of its worth. We have the word of prophecy "made more sure."

Now let us lay down this book and hunt our Bible. Let us read the Gospel of John three times right through; then read the book of Acts, then right through the New Testament! Let us go right on reading and practicing the Bible,—

*"until the day dawn
And the day star arise
in our hearts!"*

Even so shall we usher in the day heralded five centuries ago by the Morning Star of the Open Bible, John Wycliffe.

THE MORNING STAR OF
EVANGELISM

JOHN HUSS

BOHEMIA

(1369-1415)

"With Wycliffe, we begin the definite chain of events which, passing through Huss, found a culmination in Luther, Zwingli and Calvin."

William J. Kuhns.

"And he preached the word to them."—Mark II: 2.

HUSS

IN answer to the President of the United States as to the conditions under which they would consider peace with Germany, the Allies announced as one of these,—the liberation of Czecho-Slovakia from Austria-Hungary. To-day we are reading much of this new and progressive European Republic. Look at a new map of Europe and you will find this little country, midway between the Baltic and the Adriatic Seas surrounded by Germany, Austria-Hungary and Poland. With an enviable history of bravery, it has survived the vicissitudes of centuries and rises to-day a young and forward-looking Republic, Czecho-Slovakia. Its former name was Bohemia, a land made famous by John Huss, the Morning Star of Evangelism.

In this land of stalwart men, John Huss was born July 6th, 1369, near Hussinic. His name was taken from the castle near which he first saw the light of day. Unlike Dante and Wycliffe, whose parents were well to do, Huss was born of peasant parentage. Practically nothing is known of his early life. Like Elijah, he emerges into history full grown. In September 1393 when Huss is twenty-four years old, we find him receiving his B.A. degree from the University of Prague; at twenty-five, his B.Th.

and at twenty-seven his M.A. At twenty-nine, he becomes a public teacher. At the age of thirty he begins defending Wycliffe's writings. He is master among masters, for at this time the University of Prague numbered 30,000 students. To it flocked men of all nations of Europe, even from England. Among its postgraduates were two hundred with doctors' degrees; five hundred with B.A. degrees. At the age of thirty-two, John Huss becomes Dean of the Philosophical Department, and at thirty-three, Rector of the whole University. This was in 1409.

A few years before this date, two citizens of Prague had built, at their own expense, a large chapel and called it "Bethlehem Chapel" with this stipulation;—"that sermons should be preached in the Bohemian language every Sunday morning and afternoon and on holidays." Here was Huss's great life work. Palachy says, "The sermons preached during many years by this man in Bethlehem Chapel were among the most important events of his time."

He was a great orator appealing to common sense, and to Scripture, in an age when neither of these were much in evidence in religion. The writings of John Wycliffe greatly influenced Huss, and he put into living words what Wycliffe had put in writing. The common people heard him gladly, but students also flocked to listen to his word. The Queen was a regular attendant at the Chapel services.

In preparing his sermons he carefully studied

the Bible. The contrast of its teachings with the practices of the church caused him to paint in vivid colors the corruption of the clergy; the ostentation of the hierarchy; the difference between the lowly Jesus riding into Jerusalem on a donkey and the pomp and show of the heads of the church; a contrast not without its duplicates today.

While to the very end, he remained in the church, and had no thought of being a heretic, his study of Scripture, applied to the condition of the church in his day, led him into controversy with the powers that were, and finally to the stake.

And surely Huss had much material for his sermons on the corruption of the church of his day. Luther later wrote of this period as the "Babylonian Captivity of the Papacy" during which time French popes ruled in Avignon a "sink of corruption." At this time comes a confusion in the apostolic succession of the papacy. On the death of Gregory XI, Urban VI is elected; a short time after Clement VII. Urban is supported by Germany, Hungary, Poland, Bohemia and England, and Clement VII by France. God seems to have had nothing much to do with it. A third party now arose and opposed both Popes, and a council was called to settle the matter, the council of Pisa. By this time two new popes were reigning—Benedict XIII in France at Avignon and Gregory XII in Rome. The council declared these dethroned

and a new Pope was elected called Alexander V, so now there were three heads instead of one. Alexander soon died and in his place in 1410 came John XXIII to the papal throne, whose character and reputation were such, that the less said the better.

A scandal so great as this could not remain a matter of indifference to John Huss, and he launched forth in no uncertain terms.

The playing upon the superstition of the people by the clergy also stirred his indignation. One example will suffice. A church in Wilsnack was destroyed and on the altar were found remaining after the fire, three wafers, colored red. The priests said it was the blood of Christ, a marvelous miracle! Immediately people from all parts of the country began to flock that way. A profitable business thus came to Wilsnack. Wonderful miracles were reported. Huss was appointed on a committee to investigate. One man from Prague with a withered hand, gave his silver hand to the priest to see what would happen. After three days when the priest thought he had departed he said,—“Hear, children about a new miracle. Behold a citizen of Prague has been cured of a withered hand, through the blood of Christ, in witness thereof he has brought his silver hand as an offering.” The citizen immediately called out, “See, here is my hand, withered as before!”

If this miracle was false, how about all the rest?

Because John Huss would not remain silent against these and kindred abuses, the enmity of the church was aroused against him. Because he introduced Wycliffe's writings and taught his views, fuel was added to the flame.

The last spark was added to Huss's eloquence, when on a May morning in 1412, Wenzel Tiem came into Prague selling indulgences. One of the reigning popes needed money. Great crowds gathered to pay in advance for the privilege of sinning. A thriving business went on. Of course Huss could not hold his peace and like Luther a hundred years later, he nailed up his theses against all such practices, and his eloquence stirred his congregation in Bethlehem Chapel.

The pope sent word that he should cease preaching. Imagine! He refused, of course. A ban of excommunication was issued against him. Amid the ringing of church bells and extinguishing of candles on the altars, the curse of the church was laid upon him. No good member of the church would give him food or shelter. If he should enter a church the service would straightway cease. It was ordered also that Bethlehem Chapel be destroyed. And finally in 1412 John Huss like Dante from Florence, and Wycliffe from Oxford, became an exile from his loved city of Prague with his happy associations in Bethlehem Chapel and University, for the simple crime of trying to make the Bible a book of life to his generation.

During his exile, he was busy preaching and writing. Of special value was his translation of the Bible in the Bohemian language, thus following closely the example of Wycliffe.

Then came his summons to appear before the Council at Constance for trial. His friends tried to keep him from going, for they knew that it was already decided what they would do to him, and though Huss must also have known, he was anxious to defend his views before that body even at cost of his life. A "safe conduct" was given by Emperor Sigismund. Accompanied by three noblemen, his friends, he started on his journey to Constance. It took on the aspect of a triumphal march, for in every town he was greeted by large and enthusiastic crowds who listened eagerly and sympathetically to his eloquent preaching. After twenty days' travel, on November 3rd, 1414, he arrived in Constance.

He took lodgings with a poor widow, and matters seemed to open auspiciously for him. The story of these days makes interesting reading, but only a bare outline can be given here.

Huss had not been in the city long before a delegation came inviting him to meet a body of cardinals to explain his doctrines. After he had spoken a little while they said, "Verily these are good words," and they left him one by one. Hardly had the last one gone, when a learned cardinal in the guise of a simple monk, came and tried to entrap Huss. Huss soon suspected

him and said, "Brother, you say you are simple, but I think you are double." And Huss finds that the cardinals had played a trick on him and that he, in this wily way, had become a prisoner. Hardly a dignified business for cardinals, one would think!

That night he was taken away and imprisoned in a dark dungeon near a sewer in a Dominican Monastery, where he remained until March 24th, 1415. Then he was imprisoned in a high tower in a Franciscan Monastery at Gottlieben, chained at night to the wall, and for no other reason than that he persisted in remaining true to Scripture. Here, he remained until June.

Many efforts were made to make Huss recant, but his answer was always the same, "If I have preached the truth, why should I recant. If I recant, I confess that I have preached error and what of my flock? If you can show me in error, of this I recant."

At last on July 5th, 1415 he stands before the council. What a view! Emperor, pope, cardinals, prelates in gala garb! Huss weakened in body, wracked with rheumatism contracted in the damp cell, with toothache, sick, yet firm in spirit never wavering even for a moment! With courage rarely known even in the brave annals of martyrdom, there he stands, the eloquent preacher of righteousness. They harass him, laugh derisively at him, these heads of the church. For three days they mock him for his faith, yet quiet, kindly but firm as a rock, he

stands, as he listens to his condemnation, "to be burned at the stake with his writings."

The day came July 6th, 1415; his forty-sixth birthday. They placed him on a raised platform and put priestly robes on him, and a tall paper crown eighteen inches high on which were painted devils and the word "arch-heretic." His soul was consigned to hell. Then he was disrobed, and taken to the stake. He was tied to the stake, his face toward the east. But they decided it was not proper for a heretic to die facing the east, so they faced him toward the west. Who cares which way, forsooth?

And so he dies, never once wavering. His ashes are taken and thrown into the Rhine, that they might not become a shrine to his admirers.

But the very spot became precious to the Bohemians who carried some of the ground back to their enraged countrymen and later wrote a letter to the council,—a brave thing to do in that day, saying,—“And notwithstanding all that has passed, we are resolved to sacrifice our lives for the defense of the law of Jesus Christ and his faithful preachers, who declare it with zeal, humility and constancy, without being shocked by all human constitutions that shall oppose this resolution.” They were summoned to the council, but refused the kindly invitation. Instead, enraged, frenzied, they formed themselves into an army and withstood the combined efforts of Europe in three crusades against them; a thrilling story, and laid the foundation for the mod-

ern liberty-loving republic of Czecho-Slovakia. Truly the blood of martyrs in this case also became the seed of the church.

Why call John Huss the Morning Star of Evangelism? The world was in the darkness of night. People were taught to believe that God had delegated His power on earth both temporal and spiritual, to the pope as His own vice-regent. Not to believe in this was a mortal sin. God was afar off, and could only be approached by men through the mediation of priests. All who conformed to the outward form were saved, no matter what the condition of heart. So the people were steeped in superstition and helplessness, and made fertile ground for all sorts of evil within and without the church.

Against this situation, John Huss literally raised his voice as an eloquent preacher of righteousness within. With mind enriched in the study of Scripture, with heart aflame with indignation against a corrupt church, with love for his Bohemian brethren, his tongue touched with the coal of eloquence, he became a flame of fire lighting up the dark firmament.

That he considered preaching his great task, is evidenced in a letter he wrote, "I hope that the life of Christ, that I painted through His word at Bethlehem in the hearts of men, and that his enemies have tried to destroy by forbidding all preaching in the Chapel and wishing to raze it to the ground; I hope, I say, that this same life will be better drawn in the future by

preachers more eloquent than I, to the great joy of the people who cling with all their hearts to Christ. I shall rejoice myself when I awake; that is, when I shall rise again from the dead."

An old Egyptian myth tells of a bird, called the Phœnix which when about to die, burned itself upon a nest of fragrant wood, and from the ashes there rose a new and strong bird. Thus it begat its young. Among the Romans the Phœnix was used as a symbol of the sun rising to create the dawn.

This seems a fitting symbol of the burning of John Huss. Like the sweet refrain recurring in a symphony his biographies record this of him in all his trials, "He continued to preach." "He continued to preach," until at last his voice was stilled in burning fire. From that funeral pyre, made fragrant by an unflinching devotion that never faltered for a moment, has arisen a new and stronger posterity, direct children of that martyrdom, the Hussites, the Moravians, the Lollards and the innumerable hosts, who through these five centuries have had their tongues touched with eloquence from that altar. A new day is arising when men everywhere are hearing the old story in their own tongue. In the light of this new shining, let us never lose sight for long, of that brave herald who pioneered in preaching, John Huss the Morning Star of Modern Evangelism. Let us highly resolve that he shall not have died in vain!

THE MORNING STAR OF INTEGRITY
GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA
ITALY
(1452-1498)

“We shall soon be there where we can sing with David,
‘Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell
together in unity.’”

Savonarola.

“For Thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for
Thy name’s sake lead me and guide me.”—Psalm 31:3.

SAVONAROLA

JUST forty years before Columbus sailed the seas toward America Girolamo Savonarola was born in a little town in Northern Italy, Ferrara, September 14th, 1452. Dante had been dead one hundred and thirty years, Wycliffe seventy years, and John Huss had burned at the stake only thirty-seven years before. Girolamo was the third child in a family of seven children. Of a quiet temperament he enjoyed the companionship of his grandfather, a noted physician, rather than that of his own age.

It was a crude and brutal time into which he was born. As a child he saw citizens slaughtered in the streets in political feuds. He had seen Pope Pius II, under a crimson canopy in great splendor of regalia and retinue parade the streets while a hungry, ragged mob looked on, at this vicegerent of an empty religion. The profligate youthful pleasures of the day had no appeal to him. He loved study, and study of that day was scholastic. Aristotle's was the great text book; but Thomas Aquinas stirred him most. Aristotle trained him in logic. Thomas Aquinas led him to the Bible, which fascinated and held him. Day after day he poured over its pages. Sometimes his sad spirit found solace in his lute, but the chief pleasure

of his early days, was the company of his grandfather with whom he rambled through the fields and when tired of walking, together they read Thomas Aquinas.

One day there moved next door, an exiled citizen of Florence of noble birth, bringing along a young daughter, who soon joined them in their rambles. These were the happiest, most care-free days of Savonarola's life; but they were short lived, for Savonarola soon came to love the girl and declared his affection. With haughtiness she exclaimed, "Do you imagine that the blood of the Strozzi could form an alliance with that of Savonarola?" His grandfather had hoped that he would be a physician. But now more than ever, he sought solace in religion. He looked on the pleasure and hollowness of life and exclaimed, "What are all the gilt and splendor when filled with vice and sin." When twenty years of age he writes a poem, expressing this idea, "*De Ruina Mundi*."

His partly formed purpose to flee the world with its emptiness, and seek refuge in the monastic life, was given a definite turn by a sermon which he heard at Faenza. An obscure Augustinian monk said something in that sermon which crystallized his half-formed purpose, and one day as he sat playing his lute, he struck a note so sad that his mother said, "My son, that is a sign of parting." Such it proved to be, for though his love for his home was great, and continued so to the end of his days, on St.

George's Day, April 24th, 1475 at the age of twenty-three, while all the town was loud in holiday merrymaking, he walked the twenty-eight miles across the plains to Bologna and begged admission at the Dominican convent. As he entered he fondly hoped he had left the sins and vanities of the world outside.

Two days later he wrote a letter home which shows his state of mind and the sincerity of his purpose in taking this step. In the course of the letter he breaks into prayer, "Show me the path in which I should walk, for to Thee do I lift up my soul,—O Jesus, rather let me die a thousand deaths than that I should be so ungrateful as to oppose Thy will!"

In the monastery, he sought the lowliest services. Long were his prayers and vigils, frugal his meals, coarse his clothing, sincere his purpose. By the most austere paths, he sought to rise into close fellowship with the Divine. But alas, he found that the heart inside a monastery was no different in essence from that without. Intrigues, jealousies, immoralities were there also, from the profligate Pope Sixtus IV, to the "brothers" of his own order. Within a year after his entrance, he wrote a companion poem to his "De Ruina Mundi," "*De Ruina Ecclesiæ*," in which he pictures the church as a dishevelled Virgin, dethroned and put to confusion by "a false harlot," and in indignation he cries out,—“O God, lady, that I could break those great wings!"

His exceptional scholarship was soon recognized, and he was put to teaching. More time was available for study, but increased learning along the lines of the renaissance which was knowledge in order to increase pleasure, more and more lost its appeal, and he exclaimed, "What does all this wisdom of philosophy serve for, if a poor old woman, established in faith, knows more of the true wisdom than Plato?" He turned more and more to the Bible and in it found satisfaction for his heart. It is said that he committed the entire Bible to memory. The Old Testament appealed to him especially. In obedience to Scripture he found the only hope of uplift for society, the state, the church. This is the keynote of his life and work.

The Dominicans were a preaching order and in 1481 when twenty-nine years old he was sent to his native town, Ferrara, to preach. His sermons seemed to make but little impression. From this mission, he was ordered to go not to his old monastery at Bologna but to Florence.

What must have been the feeling of this scholar as he crossed the Apennines and looked into the valley of the Arno, upon the beautiful city of Florence with its graceful campanile by Giotto; the dome of the Duomo which Michelangelo used as his model for St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, the baptistery of St. John, the beautiful bronze doors which Michelangelo said were fit to be the doors to Paradise. What literary recollections must have been his as he

pondered over the fair city of culture, once the home of the gifted Dante, and where even now a bright galaxy of talented men, among them young Michelangelo, were living!

Florence was at this time a nominal republic. In reality she was ruled with despotic power by the Medici family. Lorenzo di Medici was now in full sway. He was a patron of art, literature, beauty of all sorts excepting the beauty of a good life. Florence had become a second Athens, with paganism reproduced; a place of "glittering godlessness."

Here in the convent of San Marco, Savonarola was put to work teaching novices. In 1482 he was appointed to preach the Lenten sermons in San Lorenzo, but here, too, his audiences dwindled away.

Two years later Savonarola was sent to San Genigiano to preach. There in his sermons he expounded three propositions,—First;—The scourging of the church. Second;—The regeneration of the church. Third;—The imminency of these.

He had ample ammunition for his first proposition. Pope Sixtus IV had died. He had been a murderer. The best in the church hoped for a better pope. Innocent VIII was elected through fraud and bribery. He came to the papacy, having illegitimate sons whom he advanced with unblushing effrontery.

These sermons among the hills of Siena with their definite message showed the first elements

of power in Savonarola as a preacher. It was at Brescia, however, in 1486 that he really finds his preaching power. Here, taking Revelation as his topic, he attracted and held great crowds and for the first time feels that the pulpit is the place where he can best move men toward his Master.

For three years he goes about preaching, when in 1489 he is recalled to Florence and in mounting the pulpit, prophesies that he will preach eight years,—a prediction which proved true.

From this time on his power grows, great crowds gather to hear him preach. Wooden galleries had to be constructed in the Duomo to accommodate the crowds, and even these proved inadequate. All classes form his congregation. Amid growing popularity Savonarola maintained the simplicity of his purpose to please God and serve Him. Two incidents will show the spirit of the man;—fearless of men, fearful only of God.

One of these was in his attitude toward Lorenzo, on the occasion of Savonarola becoming Prior of San Marco in 1491. To be made Prior was to have the opportunity of living like a prince. The first duty of the Prior was to call on Lorenzo, the governor of Florence, to thank him, and thus to show that the church was loyal to the state. But Savonarola neglected to conform to the custom and did not go. The older friars became nervous and suggested that he had better go. "Who named me to be Prior, God

or Lorenzo?" he asked. "God," was the answer. "Then," said he, "to Him alone will I give thanks and not to mortal man." Moreover he preached a sermon in the Duomo in which, although he mentioned no names, he arraigned the autocracy in both church and state, and called them to repentance. At this time, too, he predicts that Lorenzo, the Pope, and the King of Naples, were soon to come to an end.

The other incident showing his fearlessness of pomp occurred during his preaching the Lenten sermons at Bologna in 1493. The haughty wife of the Lord of Bologna came regularly with a pompous train of attendants and was habitually late. Savonarola attempted to shame her by pausing in his sermon till she was seated. This had no effect. So he tried a general admonition against lateness. She still came late. At last, one day, she came late creating a great disturbance while Savonarola was preaching. Greatly aroused, he cried out, "Behold, here comes the devil to disturb the word of God." In a rage, she ordered two soldiers to strike him down, but they had neither the hardihood nor the desire apparently, for nothing happened. A plot was made to slay him, and in his last sermon at Bologna he said, "This afternoon I will take the road to Florence, with my slender staff and wooden flask. Nevertheless, it is not my fate to die at Bologna."

And now begins his great political power in Florence. Lorenzo died. It is a fact to be no-

ticed that in spite of the breach, Lorenzo on his death-bed sent for Savonarola. So do the sinful in their extremity seek at the last, help from those who are really good.

On the death of Lorenzo, Piero de Medici sought to rule. He had all of the vices, but none of the virtues of his father and the better people did not want him. Savonarola preached in the Duomo on "Justice" and "Liberty" and perhaps unconsciously, but surely, fanned the flame against Piero. About this time also, another of his prophecies came true. Pope Innocent VIII died. In his place was chosen a notorious Spaniard of the Borgia family, a man flagrantly immoral, elected by bribery. He took the title of Alexander VI. Now began a series of sermons based upon visions Savonarola asserted he had, a strange mixture at times, but with evident power and influence over the people of Florence of all grades.

Now, too, he began a series of reforms, beginning with his own convent. To make these effective, Savonarola must have complete authority, so he sought freedom from the authority of other convents. Assisted by the liberty-loving Florentines and other influential friends, a brief was secured from the Pope severing the Dominican monastery of Florence from those of Lombardy. This explains the large measure of liberty to Savonarola in his reform movements in the years following. With rigor he enforced the original vows upon his convent of poverty

and obedience and vigils, yet the monks loved him.

Opportunity is not afforded here to tell of his political services, save that the Signory of Florence appealed to him for help in establishing a real democracy in Florence. The pulpit of the Duomo becomes the fulcrum of power in the government also. The officers of the government came to church to learn what policies they shall pursue, and they obeyed his teaching. Twice, single-handed, he saved the city from the ravages of the French King Charles VIII, by his exceptional personality and evident sincerity.

Having vigorously set himself to reform the monasteries and the government of the city, he now turns to the immoralities and indecencies of the society of the city. He leads processions through the streets. Trinkets, vanities, lewd pictures and songs are surrendered and piled in a great pyramid and burned.

Savonarola is undoubtedly at this time the leading power in Florence. But such popularity and power cannot long be maintained without awakening jealousies and opposition. So the shadows began to gather. The aristocracy conspires against him who championed the common people. The evil element in the populace is sullen under his moral restraints. The Pope orders him to stop his attacks on the church and tries to bribe him with a cardinal's hat, to which offer he replies "I seek neither hat nor mitre. I desire only that which thou hast given to thy

saints—death—a crimson hat, a hat of blood.”

At last he is excommunicated and everyone forbidden to have any dealings with him whatever.

Very soon all moral restraints were broken, and the streets of Florence became scenes of wildest revelry. Then begins a wavering of his fortunes like the heaving of the sea. Defending himself, pronouncing the pope anathema because of his immoral life, sometimes Savonarola rises to high crests of power and popularity; once he is even offered absolution by the pope if he will pay a fine of five hundred crowns to a certain creditor, which Savonarola refuses of course to do.

Gradually the net tightens, drawn by his political and ecclesiastical enemies, and the license loving part of the populace.

At last he is arrested. As he steps outside San Marco in the night, amid the flare of torches, the devilish glee of the crowd breaks all bounds. Stones are hurled at him, insults heaped upon him. They even kick him as he passes through their midst, all forgetful that twice he had saved their city and them from the ravages of the invading French. So soon does the mad crowd forget. Thus in the dead of night, like his Master, Savonarola is arrested, with his faithful friends Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro.

Like the Master, too, he has three mock trials. In the upper hall of the Bargello, he is put to torture. Drawn up by a rope attached to the

roof of the building, he is suddenly dropped with a violent jerk almost to the floor. Every muscle and sinew is strained. His finely sensitive frame, enfeebled by long vigils, quivers with agony. Again and again, day after day, this anguish is repeated, until he cries, "O Lord, take away my life!" Yet when the day is over, kneeling in his wretched cell he prays—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" No cause worthy of death could they find. A notary once befriended by Savonarola, basely offers to twist the evidence for four hundred ducats. Again Savonarola is placed on a pulley and sometimes hot coals sear the soles of his feet.

His first trial continued for more than a week, but with no evidence sufficient to condemn him. After a brief respite they try again, with the same result. The notary who thus failed even in his dishonesty, to incriminate him, is paid thirty ducats instead of four hundred, and so somewhat like his Master he is betrayed by a friend for thirty pieces of silver.

The pope is wearying of the long drawn out trial and now a bargain is struck—if the pope will grant the Signory the privilege of levying a tax on ecclesiastical property, they in turn will assure him of the death of Savonarola. So the government of Florence and the Pope of the Roman Church, form an agreement based on murder—the Signory can levy a tax of ten per cent. on ecclesiastical property for three years on condition that Savonarola is slain.

The Piagnoni, as the party in favor of Savonarola, was called, using the figures *ten* per cent. and *three* years, remarked, "Three times ten make thirty; Savonarola, like the Saviour, is sold for thirty pieces of silver."

During these negotiations Savonarola had peace in his cell. This respite he employed in writing expositions on the thirty-second and fifty-first Psalms. Read these Psalms and see him as he sits there, knowing that death is not far off, "Blessed is he whose sin is forgiven"—"Thou shalt preserve me from trouble"—"Shout for joy, ye upright in heart!" Blessed, safe, joyous, such he felt himself to be even in that situation, because he was right with God.

Then came the third disgraceful trial, with now the papal legates present. He is stripped, and in spite of his left arm being wrenched and helpless, is drawn upon the pulley 'til he is delirious. At last the sentence is issued. "A dead enemy makes no more war," the papal legate sagely remarks. The next day, May 23rd, 1498, he is to die. That night he talks to his two fellow prisoners who are to suffer a like fate and bids them be brave. Then in his cell in company with an old friend, Niccolini, who remained true, he lies on the floor and asks if he may pillow his weary head on Niccolini's knees. So he sleeps.

Three platforms had been reared in the Piazza Signora, one for the presiding bishop, one for the papal commission, one for the city governors.

The bishop, an old friend, said in faltering voice, as Savonarola is stripped of his priestly robe, "I separate thee from the Church militant and triumphant." "Militant, not triumphant; that is not in your power," Savonarola quickly says. "Amen," said the bishop, softly, "may God lead you there." The papal commission reading the sentence said, "His Holiness is pleased to free you from the pains of purgatory. Do you accept it?" And strange to us, he did accept, showing he still believed in the divine power of the papacy, in spite of the profligate pope. The third, the civil tribunal, pronounces the sentence, that he be hanged and then burned.

In bare feet, over a high scaffold, the three men go. Ribald youths punch the soles of their feet with sharp sticks through cracks in the boards as they pass. A noose is placed about their necks, first Fra Silvestro, then Fra Dominico, then Savonarola. The heat of the fire raises his right arm, and there amid the flames, in the attitude he used to take when blessing his great congregations in the Duomo, the great leader died, and his ashes were thrown into the Arno.

George M'Hardy writes of the people after his death, "They gathered every relic of him they could possibly find; they came often to pray at the spot where he perished; they deposited flowers there every year on the anniversary of his death; and the practice was taken up by devout souls in succeeding generations,

and continued unbroken for two centuries or more. His books were eagerly read; the details of his life were industriously collected; and ardent disciples found a pious joy in giving a record of his career and work to the world."

Why call him the Morning Star of Integrity? He lived in the time of the renaissance when the old scholasticism was giving place to quest for knowledge. The Greek writers were the objects of study. Art was coming to the front. Men were seeking these not to make the world better, but to minister to their own pleasures and vices. Knowledge became the agent of their sensuous pleasures. Savonarola cried out against such use of learning as wicked and less than the least knowledge that is tempered with godliness.

He was living in a day when the poor man had no rights, and he took the side of these against the insolent, presumptuous aristocracy of church and state. He was a part of a church whose practices were despicable, and yet which claimed absolute authority over the life and soul of people here and hereafter. Against this claim, he asserted the right of the human soul and conscience,—a hopeless and irreconcilable antagonism.

In these three realms of darkness, the darkness of personal sin; the darkness of political night; the darkness of ecclesiastical vice, he shines as the brightness of the morning star. Amid the shining we hear his pleading voice;

—"God is willing to give thee a Head, a King to govern thee. This King is Christ. Suffer thyself to be guided by Him. . . . Take Christ for thy Master and remain subject to His law."

To all these, the individual, the state, the Church, he would pronounce this hope, and to pronounce it he would remain true, with an integrity unshaken even unto death. If Dante dared to couch high thoughts in language common people could understand; if Wycliffe suffered, to place the Bible in the hands of the poor; if Huss burned that all men might intelligently worship God, it was given to Savonarola to join this galaxy of morning stars, as he with unshaken integrity lived and died to bring about uprightness in person, church and state.

In the Piazza Della Signoria, the visitor to Florence to-day will find a fountain pouring forth its cooling waters. The fountain marks the place where some four hundred and twenty-five years ago on a May morning, the body of Savonarola, aged forty-five years, crumbled into ashes amid the flames.

And lo, instead of ashes, his spirit like the cooling waters of the fountain now refreshes him who drinks, and he who drinks but illy repays such integrity, who does not stand for those same noble truths until Jesus, not sin, nor tyranny, either of state or church, shall reign in all the realms of men, and the day of uprightness be ushered in, of which Fra Girolamo Savonarola is a bright and morning star.

THE MORNING STAR OF
TOLERATION
WILLIAM THE SILENT
GERMANY-HOLLAND
(1533-1584)

"He was one of the most charming of companions, brilliant of address, of so winning a manner that it was said, 'Every time he took his hat off he won a subject from the King of Spain.' "

Newell Dwight Hillis.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."—Revelation 14: 13.

WILLIAM THE SILENT

WHAT a relief after several weeks spent among the majestic mountains and the deep fjords of Norway, to find one's self one morning, steaming along in the train over the flat lands of Holland! If those northern people are rugged through their constant fight to wrest a living from the steep mountains and the short summers, here is a people who have fought for the very soil on which their houses rest. Smaller than the State of New Jersey, more than half of Holland lies beneath the level of the sea. The English Channel and the North Sea bearing down with terrific force, threaten every moment to inundate the little sea bordering land, while the Meuse and the Rhine Rivers would wash its surface into the sea.

Sea-made sand dunes with grass on them, which it is a crime to pull, and man-made dykes make possible much of this little land of Holland. The dykes hold up the rivers and hold back the sea. Sometimes the sea is above the mouth of the river, then the dyke must hold back the sea. Sometimes the river is above the sea level, then gates must open to set it free lest its waters overflow into the fields. One rides in boats on the canals and looks down upon the farm-houses and upon the sleek cattle grazing in the rich pasture below. Windmills act as

pumps and sentinels. Sometimes they pump the water from the fields to the canals, and in dry seasons from the canals to the fields. The dykes are monuments to the constant battle with the sea. The largest of these is not far from Amsterdam,—seven miles in length; thirty feet high, thirty feet across the top with a double line of rails for cars to carry material to keep the dykes in repair. Its sea-side slopes first at an angle of thirty degrees, then one foot in three of stone paving, then sod for a hundred feet, then over one hundred feet of stone paving out beyond low tide level. Three rows of pilings are driven in at this place to keep the stones from slipping. The cost is without computation. The piling, it is said, costs four dollars each to put in place. One loosened stone, left unrepaired, may cause great loss in money and in human life.

One traveller expressed wonder “how a Dutchman ever dares to sleep.” But fighting the elements has ever tended to develop great men, and Holland is no exception to this rule. Scientists, traders, philosophers, reformers have been nurtured in this sea-fighting country. Among these, stands in undimmed splendor, William the Silent, who though neither a Dutchman, nor silent, easily takes his place as the great hero of Holland.

William the Silent was born in Dillenberg, April 25, 1533. He was the child of Count William of Nassau, and his second wife Juliana,

widow of Count Philip of Hainault. House-keeping for a royal family in that day was on a large scale apparently, and not as carefully done as we might desire. One record tells of a slaughter of three hundred and eighty-two rats in the Dillenberg home. Five children of Juliana by her first husband shared the family fortunes with on-coming brothers and sisters. Children also of lesser nobles came to the royal household to receive their polish, so that the castle teemed with young life, of all sorts.

When young William was eleven years old, his cousin Rene fell in battle, leaving by special permission of Emperor Charles V, his estate to young William. Thus William became "Prince of Orange." One provision the Emperor stipulated in consenting to the terms of the will was that young William should be brought up at his court. Accordingly, two months later, we find Count William, the father, taking Prince William, then in his twelfth year, to Brussels, September, 1544, where he leaves him in care of Charles V. Philip, the son of Charles, a lad a few years older than Prince William, was placed with the Prince under the tutor Granvelle, a young brother of Cardinal Granvelle. William proved himself an apt student and soon outdistanced Philip. He is said to have spoken with fluency, five languages.

Prince William must have found it very pleasant at the court, for with plenty of money and

pleasure, he had the added satisfaction of being the special favorite of the Emperor.

At the age of eighteen he married Anne of Egmont and set up housekeeping on a splendid, we would think, extravagant scale. At one time, we are told, in order to cut down expenses a little, he discharged twenty-eight cooks in one day. In the same year as his marriage he was made captain of two hundred royal horsemen and the next year he became commander of ten companies of infantry.

At twenty-two he was placed in command of the Imperial Army on the French border. This period of his life, which must have appealed to the polished, ease-loving Prince, marked with the brilliancy of court life and activity in military engagements, came to an end on Friday, October 25, 1555, when William was twenty-two years of age.

The occasion was Charles V's voluntary abdication of the throne in favor of his son Philip. It was a theatrical spectacle carefully planned by Charles V and took place in Brussels.

Thus Philip the Second becomes master of the Netherlands, and King of Spain. The Netherlands at that time consisted of seventeen provinces, and though so small a territory, could boast of three hundred and fifty cities alive with industry, besides many smaller towns. These yielded in taxes a lucrative income.

The Emperor advised his son Philip to maintain Prince William as chief advisor. So Wil-

William finds himself the officer of a mean, narrow-souled, selfish despot, but a few years his senior,—a different position from his place of favor with the old Emperor. However, William proved himself diplomatic and loyal to his new master to an unusual degree.

Among the heritages handed over to Philip by his father, was a war with France. A peace was patched up in which William figures as a sort of hostage and ambassador in the court at Paris. Here he came in close touch with Henry II, King of France, and once while riding in the woods with Henry, William hears for the first time of a plot which Philip is contemplating—to establish the Inquisition in the Netherlands. Henry was unaware that William knew nothing of this diabolical plan and with great enthusiasm talked of Philip's proposed Inquisition in the Netherlands. William heard him through without comment and on this account he received the name of the "*Taciturn*," the "*Silent*," which somehow has clung to him.

William had been reared a Catholic and had remained Catholic, though religion up to this time had not figured largely with him, but when he thought of his freedom-loving Hollanders being put under the thumb of the Inquisition, he longed to get back to Holland, as he said "to chase those Spanish vermin from the land."

Soon we find him in Brussels again. Meanwhile tired of living in the quiet Netherlands, where he could not speak the language of the

land, and longing for the license of Spain, Philip goes back to Spain, leaving in his place his half-sister, Margaret. Margaret is pictured as a woman who looked like a man dressed in woman's clothes; who could follow the chase all day without tiring, and who politically could steer many ways. Her one passion was love for her brother Philip and desire to carry out his wishes. William now found himself, with Count Egmont, counsellor to Margaret.

It was not an easy position. More and more his interest was drawn to the cause of Protestantism. Egmont was a loyal Catholic and a firm believer in Philip, though he loved his fellow Hollanders. William knew the treacherous soul of Philip, though he tried to be loyal to him. Then came the news that the Duke of Alva was coming to Holland to set up the Inquisition. Even Margaret trembled, and William withdrew to Dillenberg to prepare for the break he knew must come.

One thing can be said for the Inquisition, it was thorough. Three archbishops were appointed over each province. Under these were seventeen bishops, and under these nine officers to carry out their will. The soldiers were to be the heresy hunters. The method was torture to make confess, and further torture to death to rid the land of heresy. Alva was the man for the task if ever there was one. He had had experience in Italy and had gained the name "Bloody" Alva. During seven years in Holland, he is re-

ported to have slain eighteen thousand six hundred victims, besides the carnage in battle, and he explained his failure to subdue the indomitable Hollanders on the ground that his rule had been too merciful.

It is a brave story of resistance during those years, under William and his brother Louis, who sacrificed their ease and private fortunes and lived as wanderers and exiles for the cause of toleration.

Terrible the tale of the slaughter of the people of Haarlem! Brave the resistance for seven months of the low-lying Alkmaar! But most thrilling the holding for one hundred and thirty-one days, of the town of Leyden. Starving, the inhabitants appealed to the burgomaster, "had they not better surrender?" Tall, haggard, hungry, he stands before them. "I have made an oath to keep the city. I can die but once—I know I shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonorable death which is the only alternative.—Here is my sword. Plunge it into my breast!—Take my body and appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

A worthy example for modern officials!

A carrier pigeon brings a message from William,—“Hold the city! I shall come.” But now William lies sick almost unto death with fever. Tidings of the closing in of the Spaniards on Leyden reaches him. Then with miraculous effort he rises. He gives orders to break

the dykes. And the sea which they had held back, is now called in to be their ally. In come the raging waters from the sea fifteen miles away upon the terrified Spaniards, and on the crests of the waves ride "the Beggars of the Sea," finishing the work that the sea left undone. The fortress of Alva is destroyed and his power broken. In the Church at Leyden, thin, starved, exhausted, the grateful citizens bow in reverence and thanksgiving for so great deliverance; while the sea having served them so well, as though obedient to its masters, rolled back, driven by a strong wind, until within four days, the land was free again from its embrace, and the dykes were being reconstructed.

The power of Philip in the Netherlands was no more. The Dutch Republic is formed on the principle of freedom of worship and liberty from foreign aggression.

William is hailed as the Saviour of the Netherlands. "Father William," they lovingly called him. He could have been the despot, but he chose only to guide the land of his adoption to safety as a Republic.

The hands of assassins had been busy, but with no success. He now retired to an old convent in Delft, which had been given to him, that from this quiet sheltered place he might direct the affairs of state. No more the extravagance of the former days. He had given his all for the cause of freedom and in the process found freedom for his own soul.

Then on July 10, 1584, when the Prince was fifty-one years of age, in the prime of life, William the Silent falls by the hand of a fanatic. A little ugly Spaniard named Balthazar Gerard, with the knowledge and sanction of the Church and State, undertook the task of taking the life of Spain's great enemy. Believing himself to be doing a notable service, he sought admittance to the Prince. He asked and received alms from William. With this very money he bought a pistol and as William came down the steps of his home from the dining room, Gerard stepped out of a dark recess in the hall and fired into William's breast, killing him almost instantly. The murderer was caught and executed, but Holland lost her great champion and leader.

The Prince's sister asked him as he was dying;—"Is your soul trusting to Jesus Christ?" The great soldier and statesman answered "Yes." So in that assurance, the mighty leader can, as the humblest follower may, pass through the dark valley fearing no evil for "Thou art with me."

The body of the Prince lay in state until August 3rd, when a long procession accompanied it to the burying ground in Delft. A brief sermon was delivered on the appropriate text,—
"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

One writer thus sums up the work of William the Silent:

"With the death of William the Silent, the Netherlands lost their noblest hero, their most sublime patriot, and one of the greatest leaders of all time. Few are the names that are worthy to be ranked with that of this Prince of the blood, who gave his wealth, his strength and finally his life for the cause of liberty. Ruling with a strong hand, he was not a despot; brave, he was not reckless; giant, he was also gentle; warring against the Inquisition with its thumbscrews and faggots, he held himself back from bloodthirstiness and revenge. The victim of every kind of attack that hate could devise or malignity invent, he never degraded himself by meeting hate with hate or crime with crime. When the long struggle for liberty which he began was brought to an issue, Spain had buried three hundred and fifty thousand of her sons and allies in Holland, spent untold millions for the destroying of freedom, and sank from the ranks of the first power in Europe to the level of a fourth-rate country—stagnant in ideas, cruel in government, superstitious in religion. But brave little Holland had emerged to serve forever as a rock against tyranny and a refuge from oppression."

Why call him the "Morning Star of Toleration?"

In a day when people believed in the divine right of Kings, William living with the vulgar Philip came to doubt its truth, and felt the right of the common man to self-direction. Reared a Catholic, he saw the treachery of such men as

Cardinal Granvelle, and the bitter wrongs of the Inquisition, and taking his place with the Protestants he made the way for tolerance in religion.

William the Silent, cultured, rich, a prince of royal blood, sacrificed everything he formally had held dear, that he might bring in a new day of freedom, and there was born in his little country a shelter for the oppressed. Hither Spinoza, the philosopher, fled that he might pursue his philosophy unmolested. In this place Erasmus found refuge from persecution, while he wrote his religious theses. To the little land of Holland our Pilgrim fathers fled for refuge from English oppression, and the little Baptist Church in London sought rest and peace in Amsterdam, because William the Silent, genial, charming, sympathetic, loving, endured hardness as a good soldier.

If Dante dared couch in common language his high thoughts, in the Divine Comedy; if Wycliffe risked to the common tongue, the Holy Book; if Huss ventured to preach the Gospel of Christ in the vernacular; if Savonarola championed integrity of conviction as a right for all, William the Silent takes his place among these Stars of the Coming Day by ushering into being a country where tolerance took the place of despotism, and paved the way for the republics of the tomorrow.

In the Hague, which has figured so largely in recent peace negotiations, there is the Square

of the Binnenhof. Here is a tablet on which are the words of William the Silent, that formed the challenge of the Dutch Republic;—"We declare to you that you have no right to interfere with the conscience of any one so long as he has done nothing to work injury to another person or public scandal."

May this Star of the Morning, William the Silent, light the present soft generation to a truer, more self-sacrificing devotion in maintaining those principles of freedom for which this Prince in blood and soul sacrificed his all!

THE MORNING STAR OF ENGLISH
LITERATURE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ENGLAND

(1564-1616)

"There are three great ranges of production in which Shakespeare's imagination stands supreme. As a creator, first of character, second of imagery, and third of diction, he is the greatest of the sons of men."

Augustus H. Strong.

"By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."—Matthew 12:37.

SHAKESPEARE

IF you will take the train with me at St. Pancras Station, London, and ride for ninety miles through the deep green fields and little towns to Leamington; then sit with me in the commodious bus that awaits the train, we shall ride together through Warwickshire amid some of England's most beautiful scenery, a beauty enhanced with memories of Shakespeare. A contemporary of Shakespeare, one Michael Drayton called this "the heart of England." The town of Stratford in which Shakespeare was born rests on the Avon. It numbered then some fourteen hundred inhabitants and consisted of scattered timber houses, the church, and the guildhall, where traveling players performed at irregular intervals. The town today is somewhat larger, but you may still see the low-ceiled rambling house on Henley Street where William Shakespeare was born in April, 1564. You may even sit in his chair, if that be any inspiration.

John, the father of William Shakespeare, was a prosperous and important person. He has been called a farmer, a butcher, a glove-maker, a wool merchant. He probably was all of these, in a day when a man could successfully be more than one thing.

Mary Arden, William's mother, belonged to

the Warwickshire gentry, who traced their family back to the Norman conquest. She had property in her own right and the house into which William was born was comfortable and desirable. Of the eight children born to them, three died in infancy. William was the oldest surviving one in the home.

You may still see in Stratford the Free Grammar School, where young Shakespeare received his first instruction. This school he attended from about his seventh to thirteenth year. The school hours were long, but there were some holidays. On these gala days there were charming rambles. Warwick and Kenilworth Castles were not far away. That the boy was familiar with these and the country 'round, is evidenced in his plays.

We remember going through the Kenilworth grounds where the castle stands resplendent in its ruins, and listening enchanted to an old self-appointed guide, who transformed for us the peaceful hills into a gala scene, with lake on which floated royal barges, as pictured in Elizabethan times in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Days of absorbing knowledge in school and out, were these six or seven years of the school days of the dramatist.

"Then came a change, as all things human change."

The boy was taken from school. The father's fortunes are reversed. He withdraws from the

public life of the town. William is sent to work. At what? No one knows. A number of guesses have been made, but the years lie in obscurity, from a day when records were not accurately kept. No one knew a genius was among them, so why be particular about keeping a record of him?

We do know however that often he took the charming path that still leads to Shottery, where the traveler may enter to-day the low rambling cottage with its quaint old-fashioned garden. Here lived in those other days Anne Hathaway. The result of these visits was the marriage in November, 1582, of William, aged eighteen, to Anne, aged twenty-six.

Also, we know, though he was married, he engaged in some of the frolics of youth and that one of these had to do with poaching deer in Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves at Charlcote near Stratford. Sir Lucy objected, and about this time William leaves his wife and three children and goes to London. He is now twenty-two years old.

We can picture him riding horseback toward London. It was before coaches made regular trips to the Metropolis. Roads were poor and robbers were plentiful. What thoughts were in his mind as he thought back to Stratford, Shottery, Charlcote, the days that lay behind, and forward to London and the players he had seen and with whom even now he was probably traveling?

That he did think of these is proved by the fact that we find him employed at once in that connection. Some say that he held the horses for the gentlemen who stopped to see the plays.

London then numbered about one hundred and fifty thousand. Even at that time the Tower loomed above the Thames, and old St. Paul's lifted its gilded dome. The streets were narrow, crooked, unsanitary and often dangerous; dusty in summer, muddy in winter. The theatres were crude affairs. The stage was covered; the pit was open. The plays were given in the afternoon. When it rained, the audience got wet. When the sun shone, the audience steamed. All the actors were men. The women's parts were taken by youths. Greene writes,—“Rude as the theatre might be, all the world was there. The stage was crowded with nobles and courtiers. Apprentices and citizens thronged the benches in the yard below.” Thus the theatre became a place of great influence in expressing and shaping public opinion. On this rising tide of favor, Shakespeare cast in his lot with the players.

The London career of Shakespeare, which was also the time of his literary productiveness, centers in the year 1600, and is happily divided by Professor Edward Dowden into four five-year periods.

First Period:—In the Workshop. 1590-1595

During this period, we find Shakespeare gradually rising from penniless obscurity to a place among the players? He takes old plays and touches them up, here and there. But even these few touches brighten up the older works to such degree, that he early wins the jealousy of fellow playwrights. This is seen in words that have come down to us from Robert Green, a noted player of that day, who when very sick wrote to his fellow players, "There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that . . . supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse, as the best of you . . . being . . . in his owne conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a countrie." So always jealousy pounces upon rising success.

Second Period:—In the World. 1595-1600

During this period Shakespeare observes life as it is and endeavors to make his words and characters really living things. He begins to break away from the old traditional, stilted style. His genius gradually manifests itself in the vividness of his words. During this period he wrote his historical plays. From the villainous King Richard III, the worked-over play of the first period, he advances to kingly kings as in Henry IV and V. In this period also, his grasp of human life is seen in the "Merchant of Venice." He makes Shylock a real, living, grasping man.

*Third Period:—"Out of the Depths."
1600-1605*

Sorrow and disappointments common to the growing life, have come into his experience. His father and his only son have died. A trusted friend had done him some injury. He leaves the tales of mirth and of history and now enters the depths of human tragedy. Here again he makes words living things. Now appear the tragedies, "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth," "Coriolanus," "Othello," "Antony and Cleopatra," called "the six greatest tragedies of the world." Even the comedies of this period are touched with depths of feeling not found in the earlier plays,—*"Measure for Measure," "All's Well That Ends Well."*

*Fourth Period:—"On the Heights."
1605-1610*

He is now a little past forty. Prosperity has come. He has purchased rather large and valuable properties in Stratford, and around it. He has investments, which bring him large returns. His spirits seem, too, to be revived. It is as one writer calls it, "The Indian Summer" of the poet's days. "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest" with their stories of wrongs righted, of repentance from transgression, of sunny and large-minded charity, are the fruit of these later years of Shakespeare.

Dowden says,—“The spirit of these last plays is that of serenity which results from fortitude, and the recognition of human frailty; all of them express a deep sense of the need of repentance and the duty of forgiveness.”

In these spirits, at the age of forty-seven, he returns from London life in 1611, the same year that the King James version of our Bible is given to the world. We find him back with his wife and two daughters in Stratford. Elizabeth had married three years before, and four years later Judith the other daughter married. Here, among his own, he lived a happy, contented, prosperous life, taking part in the town affairs and enjoying the old fellowships; going, now and then, down to London to renew friendships and business relations there.

But we are reminded that times then were not as good as now by the fact that suddenly he contracted fever due to the unsanitary conditions, though others say, due to revelry with some visiting friends from London, and on Tuesday, April 23, 1616, at the age of fifty-two the poet died. He was buried inside the chancel of the Holy Trinity Church at Stratford. There the traveler may read the strange lines, he himself wrote for this resting place,—

“Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

On the monument erected to him in the church is this quotation,—

“In judgment a Nestor, in intellect a Socrates,
in rhetoric a Virgil.

Earth covers him, the world mourns him,
Heaven possesses him.”

And what sort of man was he? Genial to his friends, careful for his father, mother and family, he lived an upright life in a coarse age. His career was an unfolding one, from the common frivolities of youth, through the depths of experience, to the sunny hills of success and contentment.

Why call him the Morning Star of English literature? Dr. Augustus H. Strong calls him “the greatest augments of our language. Milton with all his adaptations from the Greek and the Latin, uses but eight thousand words, Shakespeare cannot content himself with less than fifteen thousand. Hundreds of these are of his own coinage, or are preserved to our literature only by his use of them.”

But Shakespeare was not a mere maker of words. Words to him were actualities. The Greek name for “word” and “thing” is the same,—“rhema.” Shakespeare maintained this meaning in reality. To him words were real things. He made *words live*. He put words together, and lo there stands before us a living man, a breathing woman. Like the bones of Ezekiel’s

vision which were exceeding many and exceeding dry, Shakespeare takes the dead bones of the scholastic literature and breathes into them, and lo they become a mighty, living army!

What vividness he gives to the word "*sin*," for example!

See how in Macbeth he presents the innocent-appearing allurements of sin,—

" 'Tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence."

Could there be a more vivid or pathetic portrayal of the awful sense of guilt in sin than in this same play where Lady Macbeth in the dead of night walks in her sleep?

"Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!"

In this play, too, is portrayed the self-breeding power of sin,—Macbeth soliloquizes on the proposed murder of Duncan,—

"But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
ice
To our own lips."

This same emphasis on the sure consequences of sin, if not *here*, *hereafter*, is presented in those expressive words of Hamlet,—

"In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice;
But 'tis not so above. *There* is no shuffling;
There the action lies in his true nature, and
we ourselves
Compelled, even to the teeth and forehead of
our faults,
To give in evidence."

Sin is an ugly word for an ugly thing and Shakespeare always paints it so. He never makes it successful or attractive.

He not only pictures vividly the gruesomeness of sin, but he points the way out.

"Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For *use* can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency."

But sin once committed has only one remedy and this is graphically presented in the scene in Lady Macbeth's chamber where the maid-in-

waiting, and the Queen's physician await to observe Lady Macbeth's strange sleep-walking and talking. After listening to her mutterings about blood, the doctor says,—

“Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:

More needs she the *divine* than the physician.
God, God forgive us all!”

You may take any of the great words of our language and follow their use through Shakespeare, and you will find that word standing out in enlarged and vivid richness. Take another example, the famous speech of Portia, as she balances *justice* and *mercy* over against each other in her plea against Shylock,—

“The quality of *mercy* is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal
power,—

But *mercy* is above this sceptred sway.

Therefore, Jew,
Though *justice* be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of *justice*, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for *mercy*,

And that same power doth teach us all to
render
The deeds of *mercy*."

How the word "*ingratitude*" takes on its bitter meaning under the magic wand of Shakespeare. In "As You Like It,"—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen."

And in that familiar passage, familiar because it is so vivid a presentation of the meaning of ingratitude, where holding the murdered Cæsar's garment, bloody from the stabs of many daggers, Antony says,—

"Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved
him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
fell."

Not only does Shakespeare make words live, but he shows us the very working of men's minds and thoughts. While other writers give us the story of outward acts of heroes and heroines, Shakespeare bids us look within. This may be seen in such passages as the soliloquy of Lady Macbeth previously quoted, or in that of Hamlet as he contemplates whether to flee the ills of this life by suicide, or fight the battle to the end.

"To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the
rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

Here we see the mind of Hamlet balancing the age-old scales of endurance or surrender to the ills common to us all.

Dante leads his readers through the corridors of the future, into Hell and Purgatory and at

last to God Himself. Shakespeare bids us live with real people here and now, and see them as they are. He is not original in his plots; but he causes the old plots and characters to take on real life under his touch. In this vital respect, he is the morning star of modern English literature.

In an age when crudeness and illiteracy rested like a black mantle on society as a whole; when those who did write or speak, did so in the stilted, lifeless language of the past, William Shakespeare breathed into his words a living soul. His light like the stars of the morning has guided the way to a finer use of words and a fuller expression of thought through the medium of language.

"Shakespeare's genius," says Hamilton Wright Mabie, "shining on the darkest ways, seems to touch the sky beyond the horizon with light."

If the Master's statement be accepted,—“By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned,” and words do have so vital a place in our living, then we owe no small debt to William Shakespeare, who so enriched the meaning of words and easily takes his place as the Morning Star of English Literature.

THE MORNING STAR OF MODERN
STATESMANSHIP

JOHN MILTON

ENGLAND

(1608-1674).

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice that sounded like the sea;
Pure as the native heavens, majestic, free.
We must be free or die that speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

Wordsworth.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report . . . think on these things!"—Philippians 4: 8.

MILTON

BREAD STREET is a narrow short thoroughfare running off from Cheapside. One of the pleasant things in London is to step from a busy business street into this quiet little lane and see the place where once stood the house in which John Milton was born.

Shakespeare had reached the zenith of his popularity and was now living in Stratford. It is quite possible that the little boy Milton saw the great dramatist in one of his visits to London, for Shakespeare died in 1616, and Milton was born on December 9th, 1608.

The life of Milton divides easily into three periods,—The Preparatory, the Political and the Poetical.

The Preparatory Period reaches from his birth in 1608 to the end of his foreign travels in 1640.

The Political Period is synchronous with the Commonwealth, 1640-1660.

The Poetical Period extends from 1660 to his death in 1674.

John Milton's father came from Oxfordshire, and was the son of an ardent Catholic, but the older John Milton rebelled against his father's faith and became a Presbyterian. He was a scrivener, a sort of real estate man; also a cultured gentleman and a lover of music. Young

John was given the best education available in St. Paul's school where he was taught the languages, Latin, Greek, French, Hebrew and literature.

At about sixteen or seventeen, he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, and was recognized at once as an earnest student. He says of himself that he had seldom gone to bed before midnight from the age of twelve. His college career was marked by study and independence of thought. By the undergraduates he was nicknamed "The Lady of Christ's." This nickname he owed to his fair complexion, light hair, personal beauty and also to the delicacy of his personal habits of refinement, purity of mind and bodily cleanliness, traits which were not common, in a crude age when manhood was measured by capacity for ale, and baths were none too frequent an experience. He was never, however, charged with cowardice, though he was called the "Lady."

He seems from the beginning of his career to have read in his life a divine purpose and to have kept himself set apart to fulfil that purpose. All the more does the singular purity and loftiness of his life stand out in an age when purity was not so general. Be it said to the credit of the students, that though they did not always practice his virtues, they had grace enough to admire him because of them. It is said that "he was loved and admired by the whole community." He must even by the time

of his graduation have been known as something of a poet for he had written "On the Death of a Fair Infant," "Ode on the Nativity," "Song on May Morning," and the now famous lines to Shakespeare, and many other stanzas.

Read the "Ode on the Nativity" and you will see already apparent that quality which caused Wordsworth to call Milton the "sweet-toned organ voice of England."

"This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual
peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-
table

To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us the darksome house of
mortal clay."

His folks had intended him for the church, but the free mind of Milton could not bring itself to submission in things of conscience to such a man as Laud who then governed the church policy. So on leaving college at the age of twenty-

three he returned to his father's home. His father had so prospered that he now lived in retirement at Buckinghamshire. Here in Horton, not far removed from London, Milton enjoyed to the full that music and high company he so much loved.

It is to the everlasting credit of his father that he understood his noble son and allowed him to have unfettered the next few years in preparing for the work he felt he was called to do.

During these six years at home, Milton gave himself to the earnest study of the Greek and Latin masters. Also during this time he wrote poems which if he had not written any other would have placed him among the foremost poets of the world. Among these are "L'Allegro," the cheerful man, and its opposite, "Il Penseroso," the thoughtful, serious man; the masque,—*"Comus,"* "*Lycidas*," a pastoral elegy in memory of a college friend who had drowned, in which occur these beautiful lines,—

"Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no
more,

For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled
ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walked
the waves."

When Milton was thirty years old, his father gave him money to travel. So he leaves home for Continental Europe. Of this time he writes to his friend Diodati, "You ask what I am about, what I am thinking of, why with God's help, *immortality*." This was not a mere thoughtless tour. He was preparing for immortal work. So the last stage of the preparatory period is taken up with foreign travel. He is attended by a servant and travels in comfort,—a few days in Paris, two months in Florence. What days they must have been in this city of Dante and Savonarola! He was entertained by the literary clubs which then flourished there. And not the least must he have been impressed by his visit to the blind old Galileo who was a nominal prisoner of the Inquisition, for daring to think scientifically, rather than ecclesiastically. How he must have remembered that visit in later life when the blind poet looked back to the blind scientist, both frowned upon by the bigoted religionists!

From Florence, Milton went to Rome for two months; then on to Naples. He had intended going to Greece, but hearing of the political convulsion of his own country, he felt he had no right to go traveling while his own land needed him. So we find him back home by August, 1639, having been away about fifteen months. The period of preparation is now over; and Milton enters on the second period of his life, *his political career*.

He did not return to his father's house, but

settled in London with a young nephew whom he undertook to educate. He now began casting about in earnest for a suitable subject for the poem he contemplated writing. Two things interfered with the writing, however, one of which was to postpone the poem for twenty years.

The one was his marriage, the other was his entrance into the political arena. In the Spring of 1643 he went to Oxfordshire to try to collect a debt of five hundred pounds owed to his father by a family named Powell. Milton at this time was thirty-five years old. The Springtime and a beautiful young country girl of seventeen had their effect, for to the surprise of his friends, Milton comes back married and incidentally without the five hundred pounds. The girl had probably not counted the cost, and when she found herself in the stifling atmosphere of London instead of the fragrant fields of Oxfordshire, and in the rigid atmosphere of the mighty Milton, instead of in her accustomed easy-going method of living, she contrived a visit home, which she prolonged for two years. Milton wrote asking her to return, but it was not until two years later that she returned and on her knees asked to be taken back.

"Soon his heart relented,
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress."

She bore him three daughters and died in 1653. Three years later he married again but this wife

lived less than a year, and in 1663 he married again.

During this period from 1640 to 1660 he engaged in teaching and in political service.

Macaulay calls this one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind, "at the very crisis of the great conflict between liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. The government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute." It was a time when evil kings ruled by what they attested as divine right, and vile priests held sway by apostolic succession; both absurd and evil-producing claims. It would not be difficult to surmise the part a man of Milton's spirit and courage would take in such a politico-religious struggle. He stood without fear, for freedom of conscience and of citizenship. He became the great literary champion of liberty.

It was a bitter time and bitter measures were used. Charles I was beheaded January 30th, 1649, and the act having been done, Milton undertook to prove its lawfulness in a tract entitled,—

"The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates
Proving that it is lawful
To call to account a tyrant or wicked king
And, after due conviction, to depose and put
him to death.

by John Milton."

The publication of this tract immediately

made him famous. It is said that foreigners visiting England desired to see two men above all others, Oliver Cromwell and John Milton. For the next eleven years, Milton was "Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State."

During this period he wrote many pamphlets on social, religious and political issues, which greatly influenced public opinion. Among these is the one on "Divorce" written immediately after his young wife had left him to go back to her home. This is a very one-sided treatment of the matter and would give all the advantage to the man. His tract, "Areopagitica," is a strong plea for the right to print books without Government license. At the very end of this period when Charles II was about to be crowned and the commonwealth abolished, Milton is still busy writing against kings. Under these conditions, he published a tract entitled "A Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth."

The religious and political were so interwoven in the state affairs that a person could not engage in one and keep free from the other. Milton was an independent in both. He would abolish kings. He also would abolish "Princes of the Church." Having sided with the Presbyterians against the Church of England, he finds that when they attained power "The New Presbyter is but Pope writ large," and he turns from them and becomes a Puritan, "who prostrated themselves before their Maker; but set

their feet on the neck of the king." He finally turns from these also, and affiliates himself with no religious body. This was probably partly due to his blindness and the difficulty of going when and as he pleased.

His indefatigable labor for the state and his previous studious life began to tell on his sight early in this period of his career. When Salmasius, a scholar renowned in all the courts of Europe, issued his pamphlet defending Charles I and the monarchy, the Council of State asked Milton as the only man in Salmasius' class to prepare a reply. This required much work by the dim light of uncertain candles. Milton's left eye was almost useless. Physicians counseled him to rest, lest total blindness ensue. With the alternatives before him of blindness or desertion of what he felt to be his duty, his choice was decisive.

"Urged," he said, "by the heavenly Counselor who dwells in conscience, I would have shut my ears to Æsculapius himself." He finished his reply and he lost his sight. So great is the price they pay, who lead the way to liberty.

Blind, he sings of light and prays for inward light to help compensate for outer darkness.

"Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven's first-born!

Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer rose,

Or flocks, or herbs, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me,——
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward!"

His compensation for this terrible calamity of blindness he tells in his poem to Cyriak Skinner, an old college friend,—

"I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou
ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-
plied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side."

That John Milton, the unrepentant advocate of democracy escaped martyrdom on the accession of Charles II, seems almost a miracle. It is to the credit of those in authority and a tribute to the strength and loyalty of some unknown friends, but perhaps most of all to the overruling Providence, that he was spared to do that work for which he is best known.

So the third period "*The Poetical Period*," extending from the Restoration in 1660 to his death in 1674, presents Milton, blind, bereft of friends, with daughters unsympathetic, comparatively poor, and with ailments common to advancing age.

Macaulay thus pictures him, "Milton was like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home, and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pandar in the style of a bellman, were now the favorite writers of the Sovereign and of the public. It was a loathsome herd, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus, grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amid these that fair Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene, to be chattered at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rout of Satyrs and Goblins. If any despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His

spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions, and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be, when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die."

Yet not to die, for in spite of these conditions, he set to work to follow the inward light, and to write the poem which he had contemplated all his life. Collection of the material for the poem required much research. In this, he was aided by the willing service of a young man and by the unwilling service of his daughters. These latter he compelled to read long passages from Latin and Greek, which they could not understand, so that it could not have been a very pleasant task for them. When it was suggested that he might teach them the language, he remarked,—

"One tongue is enough for a woman."

During this later period of his life, Milton wrote three poems, any one of which would have placed him among the great.

The first of these, "Paradise Lost," appeared

in 1667, when Milton was fifty-nine. The writing of this poem took seven years. Its purpose is "to justify the ways of God to men."

A young man, a friend of Milton's reading the manuscript, is said to have remarked to the author,—“Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou said of Paradise Found?”

Perhaps to this question we owe the second poem, “Paradise Regained,” which appeared in 1670. The purpose of this poem is to set forth the victory of Jesus.

The third poem is “Samson Agonistes,” which appeared in 1671. In this we find much of Milton's own feeling and experience in his portrayal of the blind Samson. Here he pictures the mighty Samson, fallen; yet faith in God endures,—

“Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all.
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of a fool.”

In that part of London called “Cripplegate” stands old St. Giles Church. In the little yard in the front of the Church, the body of John Milton who died November 10th, 1674, in his sixty-sixth year reposes. On the tombstone is a quotation from his own work—

"O spirit, what in me is dark, illumine!
What is low, raise and support,
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men."

Why call John Milton the "Morning Star of Modern Statesmanship?"

Undoubtedly he was greatest as a poet, yet he merged in remarkable degree poet, statesman, patriot. He was not what modern statesmen are, alas, but what best minds agree modern statesmen should be; men who act upon high principle, rather than self-interest. He was a "Morning Star," in that he acted upon unselfish principle and advocated such in leaders, in a day when ability made right. A king who could, or a priest who had power, might with impunity wrest all liberty from the less fortunate. "Might made right."

To such an age he brought the power of his mighty intellect, the wealth of his broad learning and the eloquence of his "organ-voice."

His prose pamphlets are majestic and thunderous in their diction. Every pamphlet struck a blow for liberty. He knew no master save Christ. "Fearless of men; fearful of God," might truly be said of John Milton. In this sense he was the pioneer of a new type of statesmanship, later exemplified in such men as Gladstone and Lincoln. He entered into the lists of his country.

“As ever in my great Task-Master’s eye.”

His attacks were made against deep-seated error and the servile worship of evil through eminent men. Macaulay says of him, “He never came up in the *rear*, when the outworks had been carried and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope.” So he was the Star of Morning, when the star was shining almost alone.

Behold him, poet of the eternal! Statesman who brought eternity to bear upon the affairs of time! He stands undimmed by the years between. Slight of build, below middle height, light of hair, with eyes that were expressive even when unseeing, of great personal beauty, a student, a Christian gentleman, great even in calamity, as Giovanni Mauso says of him,

“So perfect thou in mind, in form, and face,
Thou’rt not of English, but angelic race,”

he beckons us to give our best to our fellow-men,—

“Mortals that would follow me, love virtue;
She alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

In the roll-call of those who have given them-

selves to noble statesmanship, who are among the

“Some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on the golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity”;

in addition to all his matchless contribution to the realms of literature, there shall ever stand among the first, the name of John Milton, as the Morning Star of the ideal for modern statesmanship.

THE MORNING STAR OF LIBERTY
ROGER WILLIAMS
ENGLAND-AMERICA
(1607-1683)

“Roger Williams was one of the most unique and picturesque persons in our early history.—He was the pioneer of religious liberty. His whole life throbbed with that principle, upon which as a basis he was the first to establish a political community.—He was the apostle of the American system of a free Church in a free State.”

Oscar S. Straus.

“Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”—Zechariah 4:6.

WILLIAMS

THE year 1600 is a good date to remember. It was right in the middle of Shakespeare's most productive literary period. In 1608 John Milton was born in London. About this time Roger Williams was born. The date is variously placed from 1599 to 1607. What a time that was from 1600 on! Such men as these already mentioned and in addition Oliver Cromwell and Sir Henry Vane, English statesman, and George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends! During these momentous years, the great struggle for modern freedom was on in earnest. The Pilgrims and the Baptists sought refuge in Holland and then in America. Charles I was de-throned and beheaded. John Milton heralded the cause of voluntaryism in England, and Roger Williams espoused the same cause with greater abandon in America as well as in England.

The exact place and date of Roger Williams' birth is not known, though preponderating evidence would seem to point to London as the place, and about 1607 as the date. Nothing is definitely known of his parentage. When Williams was about fourteen years of age, he was seen in the Star Chamber at London, taking down speeches in shorthand. This attracted the

attention of Sir Edward Coke, who became interested in him, and sent him to Sutton's Hospital School and then to Pembroke College, Cambridge. He graduated from college about 1627 and at the desire of his benefactor, Sir Edward Coke, he began the study of law. He soon turned from law to theology however and became a decided non-conformist.

We find him in December, 1630, setting sail for America. Of that experience he wrote years later to the daughter of Sir Edward Coke. "Truly it was as bitter as death to me, when Bishop Laud pursued me out of this land, and my conscience was persuaded against the national church and ceremonies and bishops beyond the conscience of your dear father. I say it was as bitter as death to me, when I rode Windsor way to take ship at Bristol, and saw Stoke House, where the blessed man was, and I then durst not acquaint him with my conscience and my flight."

It was at great sacrifice, not only of feeling but of position and possible wealth and ease, that Williams left England, for he was already recognized as a scholar knowing Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch and French, and having other qualities which might easily have made him a leader in his own land, had it not been for his disturbing conscience.

So, with his wife, he set sail on the ship *Lyons* from Bristol December 1st, 1630, and in that little boat weathered the winter seas for sixty-

five days, landing at Nantasket, February 5th, 1631.

He was received with welcome in Boston as a godly man and was immediately offered the temporary pastorate of the Church there in place of Rev. John Wilson who was returning to England on the *Lyons*. Again, Roger's conscience interfered with his comfort, for though the Puritans had come to New England to get away from Archbishop Laud and the established church, they had never officially separated from the church. Roger Williams' conscience would not permit him to accept this flattering offer to the pastorate, unless the church would declare itself separated from the Established Church of England. Another and a stronger reason for Williams not accepting this position, was that the Puritan Church held exactly the same belief that the Established Church held, namely that the civil authorities had the right to punish for spiritual differences. It seems strange to us that these men who came to America to escape persecutions should in turn become persecutors, in many instances "out-Heroding Herod" in the bitterness of their heresy hunting. Here was a practice to which Roger Williams could not subscribe.

Right here it may be well to state that the Puritans were non-separatists from the English Church, while the Pilgrims had declared separation from the Established Church. The Puritans settled on the Bay and were called Bay

Colonies, while the Pilgrim influence was powerful in Salem and Plymouth. This explains why these latter churches acted with more tolerance than the Bay Colonies.

Roger Williams' refusal to accept the pastorate of the Boston church immediately brought his views into prominence, and although he had been received as a godly, learned man, he was now frowned upon by the ominous heads of state and church. In April of the same year we find him assisting Mr. Skelton at the Salem church. Immediately Boston sent a warning to the Salem church against receiving Williams as teacher there, and Williams goes on to the more completely separatist colony at Plymouth. Here he was cordially received and continued teaching for two years. During this time Williams worked with his own hands to support himself and wife, and also found time to mingle with the Indians, learning their language and cultivating their friendship. "My soul's desire was to do the natives good," he writes, and this attitude he maintained throughout his life. This knowledge of the Indians and their friendship saved the colonies more than once. "God was pleased to give me a painful patient spirit to lodge with them in their filthy smoky holes to gain their tongue," he says. So we see him living contentedly as pastor, missionary, workman and father, for a daughter was born to his wife during this stay at Plymouth.

In August, 1633, Williams again goes to Salem to assist Mr. Skelton whose health was failing. A year later on the death of Mr. Skelton, Williams was offered the pastorate. The Boston church objected, but was overruled and in 1634 he became Pastor of the Salem Church. This aroused a more vigorous opposition, which resulted finally in the banishment of Williams. The decree was passed October 19th, 1635, to take place within six weeks. The Salem Church was forced to accept the decree by threats against their grants of property. Owing to illness, Williams was to be permitted to remain in Salem until Spring, but so many people went to see him in his home, that lest they should further embrace his teachings, the court suddenly decided to send him back to England. When they came to the house to apprehend him, they found his wife and children, but he had gone. Out in a New England winter, sometimes by land and sometimes in an open boat at sea, "he steered his course from Salem and home"; befriended by Indians, he finally reached Narragansett Bay. Here he purchased land from the Indians. Of this experience he writes;—"and surely between those, my friends of the Bay and Plymouth, I was sorely tossed, for one fourteen weeks, in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean, beside the yearly loss of no small matter in my trading with the English and the natives, being debarred from Boston, the chief mart and port of New

England. God knows that many thousand pounds cannot repay the losses I have sustained. It lies upon Massachusetts and me, yea, and other colonies joining with them, to examine with fear and trembling, before the eyes of flaming fire, the true cause of all my sorrows and suffering." And what was the true cause of Williams' exile? Not anything in Williams' moral character, but simply and solely on the matter of freedom of conscience in spiritual things. It had not even dawned upon the minds of the Puritans of New England that they should grant religious liberty to others. Church and State were inseparably united. To be put out of church was to be excluded from citizenship.

Roger Williams was a complete out-and-out advocate for freedom of conscience. His clear distinction between liberty and anarchy is portrayed in his simile of passengers on shipboard. It presents so clearly his position on the *extent* and the *limits* of freedom that I quote at length:—"There goes many a ship to sea, with many hundred souls in one ship, whose weal and woe is common; and is a true picture of a commonwealth, or an human combination, or society. It hath fallen out sometimes that both Papists and Protestants, Jews and Turks, may be embarked in one ship. Upon which supposal I affirm that all the liberty of conscience that ever I pleaded for, turns upon these two hinges: that none of the Papists, Protestants, Jews, or

Turks be forced to come to the ship's prayers or worship; nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practice any. I further add that I never denied that notwithstanding this liberty the commander of this ship ought to command the ship's course; yea, and also command that justice, peace, and sobriety be kept and practiced, both among the seamen and all the passengers. If any of the seamen refuse to perform their service, or passengers to pay their freight; if any refuse to help in person or purse toward the common charges or defense; if any refuse to obey the common laws and orders of the ship, concerning their common peace or preservation; if any shall mutiny and rise up against their commanders and officers; if any should preach or write that there ought to be no commanders nor officers because all are equal in Christ, therefore no masters nor officers, no laws nor orders, no corrections nor punishments—I say: I never denied but in such cases, whatever is pretended, the commanders or commander may judge, resist, compel and punish such transgressors, according to their deserts and merits.”

What a man says he *believes*, and what he actually *does* when opportunity is presented, are often quite different things, as is illustrated in the case of the Puritans who advocated liberty in England because they were the persecuted; but practiced oppression in New England because they were the persecutors.

The absolute sincerity of Williams is shown in that having purchased land outside the jurisdiction of the Bay Colony, he invites the oppressed. "I desired it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience. I, then considering the condition of divers of my distressed countrymen, communicated my said purchase to my loving friends, who then desired to take shelter with me."

His wife and two small children join him and he calls the place Providence "in a sense of God's merciful providence unto me in my distress." Thus was established in actuality, *for the first time*, a Christian state based upon the absolute freedom of conscience of every individual in spiritual things, submitting to civil authority, "*only in civil things.*"

This policy drew the oppressed from England and other colonies of New England. Among them came the Anabaptists. These were especially attractive to Williams because of their doctrine of soul liberty. His study of Scripture convinced him they were right also in the matter of immersion as baptism. Williams was baptized by Holliman, and Williams then baptized Holliman and eleven others. This was probably the first Baptist Church in America. The year 1638.

This sketch would not permit to tell of the two trips to England Williams made on behalf of the colony, largely at his own expense; one

in 1643 to secure a charter for the colony, and the other in 1651 to protect his colony and those nearby, Portsmouth and Newport, from the Bay Colonies' encroachments.

It is interesting to imagine his conversations with the great John Milton whom he must have influenced with his fiery, yet persistent fight for liberty, a matter dear to Milton's own heart.

Both of his visits to England were marked by his prominent service there for the cause of freedom, associated as he was with such men as Sir Henry Vane who entertained him while there, and Oliver Cromwell.

Also, during these visits he wrote valuable articles on liberty, and a "Key to the Indian Languages." On his return home he engaged in the affairs of state and to support his family, now consisting of his wife and six children, traded with the Indians. He steadfastly refused to place himself in any sense as dictator, although he was elected to various offices. He prided himself on the fact that "our charter excels all in New England, or in the world, as to the souls of men."

During these closing years he kept up his friendly relations with the Indians and more than once saved the colonies, even the persecuting Bay Colonies, from the ravages of the red men. We have no record of the exact date of the death of Roger Williams, but it was probably sometime in 1684. If we accept the date

1607 as that of his birth, he died in his seventy-seventh year. Not long before his death he writes:

"And as to myself in endeavoring after your temporal and spiritual peace, I humbly desire to say, if I perish, I perish. It is but a shadow vanished, a bubble broke, a dream finished. Eternity will pay for all."

"I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies

In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt
the marsh and the skies."

He was buried "with all the solemnity the colony was able to show." So runs the town record.

Why call Roger Williams the Morning Star of Religious Liberty? The world was in the darkness of bondage in Williams' day. The "divine right of kings" made every man a slave to *temporal* power. The doctrine of apostolic succession of the clergy made every man a *spiritual* slave. The union of church and state linked these two claims into a double servitude.

Only the bravest dared to question either of these positions. Only the most learned and powerful could make their voices heard at all.

The Renaissance opened the way to a better hearing by enlightening the mind and encouraging the inquiring spirit. Then came Dante, Wycliffe, Huss, Savonarola, William the Silent, John Milton and other kindred spirits, all cham-

pions in their own way of the common people; each contributing his share to their enlightenment.

Oscar Straus has aptly put it this way,—
“Luther lessened the tyranny of the Church by dividing it. Cromwell weakened the claims of absolute monarchy by overturning the throne of the British empire. Roger Williams reclaimed liberty of conscience by separating the functions of the Church and State.”

Other men had talked about liberty, often meaning liberty only for themselves, like the New England Puritans, but here was a man who established a state on that principle and maintained it throughout. No more clearly is his stalwart adherence to principle shown than in Williams' treatment of the Quakers. For some reason he especially disliked their doctrines, and his most cutting things are said in controversy with them, yet he welcomed them to Providence, and to the full right to worship God according to their views.

Liberty runs like the recurrent refrain in a symphony, throughout his entire life to the very end. Never were the words of a man more fully and completely lived than those of Roger Williams when he writes,

“By the merciful assistance of the Most High, I have decided to labor in Europe, in America, with English, with Barbarians, yea, and also have I longed after some trading with the Jews themselves for whose hard measure, I fear the

natives and England hath yet a score to pay."

"I desire not that liberty to myself which I would not freely and impartially weigh out to all the consciences of the world besides. All these consciences ought freely and impartially to be permitted their respective worship, and what way of maintaining them, they freely choose." This liberty he would extend to everyone impartially even to the Catholics; a thing exceedingly repugnant to the English of that day.

No man ever before or since stated more clearly the *issue* and the *dangers* in the way of real liberty. He made no mistake of identifying license or lawlessness with liberty. He saw and stated the danger of people desiring liberty for self, but not for others. Can it be said more graphically than this? "After you have got over the black brook of some soul bondage yourselves, you tear not down the bridge after you, by leaving no small pittance for distressed souls, that may come after you."

No man ever more tersely put the value of separation of church and state than Roger Williams in his plea to Parliament "that no person be forced to pray or pay, otherwise than as his soul believeth and consenteth."

We have no portrait of Roger Williams, no description as to his stature, or complexion; but who cares for these as we see him "stand unshaken in the rockie strength of his convictions."

Oscar Straus quotes the unique place of Roger

Williams as presented by Professor Gervinus:—

“Roger Williams founded in 1636 a small new society in Rhode Island, upon the principles of entire liberty of conscience, and the uncontrolled power of the majority in secular affairs. The theories of freedom in Church and State, taught in the schools of philosophy in Europe, were here brought into practice in the government of a small community. It was prophesied that the democratic attempts to obtain universal suffrage, a general elective franchise, annual parliaments, entire religious freedom, and the Miltonian right of schism would be of a short duration. But these institutions have not only maintained themselves here, but have spread over the whole union. They have superseded the aristocratic commencements of Carolina and of New York, the high-church party in Virginia, the theocracy in Massachusetts and the monarchy throughout America; they have given laws to one quarter of the globe, and, dreaded for their moral influence, they stand in the background of every democratic struggle in Europe.”

When at last we have learned the lesson of religious freedom, and the day shall have come when we do not persecute nor despise another for differences of convictions, we shall look back and see that like the star of dawning in the shadows of the sky, there shines with a lustre that time shall but make clearer the freedom-loving soul of Roger Williams, the Morning Star of Liberty.

MORNING STAR OF SPIRITUALITY

JOHN WESLEY

ENGLAND

[(1703-1791)]

"It was Wesley who gave the impulse to Wilberforce, the emancipator, to Howard, the prison reformer, to Livingstone, the missionary, to the Booths with their work for the submerged classes. Above any other man in modern times he made it plain to the miner, the peasant, and the criminal, that they must achieve eminence through penitence and obedience, love and self-sacrificing service. Having turned multitudes to righteousness, his name now shines like the brightness of the firmament, and will continue to shine like the stars forever and ever."

Newell Dwight Hillis.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—Daniel 12: 3.

WESLEY

SUSANNA WESLEY, was a remarkable woman in more ways than one. For one thing she was the twenty-fifth child of her parents. She also was the mother of nineteen children. Notwithstanding she had time to see to their education, and to read sermons to the edification of her neighbors during the absence of her husband. We call John Wesley the "Founder of Methodism." Perhaps it might be better to call Susanna Wesley the "Mother of Methodism." She was not a woman to be trifled with. She had decidedly a mind of her own, but that mind fortunately was governed by right principles. Her father was a gifted preacher, and she brought to her husband, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, a mind deeply religious and used to doing its own thinking. The fathers of both Samuel and Susanna were ministers who had dissented from the Established Church, but both Samuel and Susanna had dissented from the views of their parents back again into the Established Church.

At the age of thirty-five, Samuel with his wife and four children undertook the pastoral care of the parish of Epworth in Lincolnshire, a poor, vulgar, illiterate little English town. Here at the rectory on June 28th, 1703, the son John was born.

The mother had a fixed method with her children, as one can see would be necessary when doing a wholesale business in children, and when no public schools of easy access proffered aid in their training. When one of her children attained the age of five years, it was placed in a room with the alphabet, with the instructions to learn it, and learn it they did. The next day, they started the first chapter of Genesis for a reading lesson. When John's turn came, he had this experience.

When John was six years old, some ruffians who did not like their preacher's statement of the truth, set the rectory on fire. With so many to look after, it was not surprising that John, who was sleeping in the garret, was overlooked. The house was well on its way to destruction when the people saw the little boy of six at the upper window with no other way of escape. A human ladder was formed and John was rescued. Thereafter he looked upon himself as a "brand plucked from the burning," and his mother interpreted his rescue as a reason for taking special care in his training. In her diary she writes after this event:

"I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child that I may do my endeavor to instil into his mind the principles of Thy true religion and virtue."

At nine John, with four other children, had the small-pox and the mother writes, "Jack has bore his disease bravely like a man, and indeed

like a Christian, without complaint; though he seemed angry at the small-pox when they were sore as we guessed by his looking sourly at them, for he never said anything."

In this atmosphere of obedience, Christian culture and industry, John grew to the age of eleven, when he was placed in the Charter House School in London. The habits he had formed at home soon marked him as an industrious and capable student. At sixteen he was studying Hebrew. At seventeen he entered Christ's College, Oxford. In one of her letters to him, at this time, his mother gives him some excellent counsel, which he cherished throughout his life, "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off your relish for spiritual things,—in short, which increases the strength of your body over your mind,—that thing is sin to you, however innocent."

In his twenty-first year he read two books which greatly influenced him, Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" and Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." He gave himself seriously to the decision as to his work in life. The outcome was that he was ordained a deacon in 1725. In March of the following year, 1726, he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College. This fellowship carried with it a small allowance and took him to a new college where he seems to have known no one. Wesley then

determined to make no new friends save "those who would help him on his way to Heaven." He writes to his mother, with whom he always kept on closest terms of confidence, "Leisure and I have parted company." He lays out for himself a rigid schedule of study and living, which he proceeded to follow. He was soon made lecturer in Greek and moderator of the class, a position of influence.

In 1727, Wesley's father asked him to assist him in his parish, and John consented. His duties took him to a dreary little village five miles from Epworth, called Wroote. A little over a year later he was called back again to Lincoln College. On his return he found his brother Charles and a couple of other young men banded together for the purpose of living a more strict and noble life. John joined them in this and they made for themselves a careful division of each day, assigning a time for study, devotion, visiting hospitals and prisons, etc. Some wag called them "Methodists," and the name clung to the movement later started by John and Charles. The father's health failing, John was urged to return to Epworth and conduct the work there, but he demurred on the plea that there were too many souls to be responsible for,—a plea he must have looked back on in later years with some wonder, when he was caring for thousands.

In the Summer of 1735, when Wesley was thirty-two years old, he met Gen. James Ogle-

thorpe, who invited him to go back to Georgia with him and take charge of the parish there and do some missionary work among the Indians. The plan appealed to Wesley as one which would give him better opportunity to save his soul. Before deciding he sought the advice of his mother, who favored the plan, saying, "Had I twenty sons I would rejoice though all were so employed, and though I never saw them again." He embarked in October of the same year accompanied by Charles.

On the voyage to America, which lasted three months, there were twenty-six Moravians on board. Their teaching concerning regeneration, that a person may be born again, greatly interested John. Their quiet Godly living impressed him. Especially did one incident on the voyage crystallize his regard. A terrific storm raged and as darkness came on a huge wave washed over the vessel. It looked as though the end had come. Terror reigned. The Moravians, however, sang and quietly prayed, with no signs of fear. The storm abated, and the next day Wesley asked, "Were you not afraid?" "I thank God, no," came the answer. "But your women and children,—were they not afraid?" "Our women and children are not afraid of death," they answered.

The chief value of his visit to Georgia was his meeting with the Moravians. He was too ritualistic for the settlers and demanded too great rigidity in living. He did practically

nothing in the way of evangelizing the Indians.

After a stay of two years he sailed from Charleston, December, 1737, and reached England in February. He was depressed for several reasons. He had become engaged to a girl in Georgia, but on the advice of Moravian friends had given her up because she was not "sound minded" enough. Then, too, he began to doubt his own conversion. He says, "I who went to America to convert others was never converted myself." His work with the Indians also had been a failure and his mission to America in general could not be called a success.

In this state of mind he sought out the Moravians in London. He met a young man whom Count Zinzendorf was sending as a missionary to the Carolinas, one Peter Böhler. They went down to Oxford together and for several weeks were much in each other's company, while John Wesley listened to him tell of his religion. "Preach faith 'til you have it!" said Böhler, "and then, because you have it, you will preach faith!" It was worth those weeks for that sentence alone.

Then comes an entry in his journal which marks the real beginning of his great work. It is the year 1738, the date in the journal May twenty-fourth.

"In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he

was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, and Christ alone, for my salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." Not every one can fix the date of his conversion so accurately, but no one can reasonably doubt the reality of this experience which started Wesley on his great work. This was in May, 1738. Wesley died in March, 1791, fifty-three years later. In all those years he labored, without a break, in the light of that experience of the reality of Christ's presence within his heart, first felt in the little Moravian meeting.

The Summer following his conversion, feeling his indebtedness to the Moravians, he went by way of Amsterdam and Cologne to Marienborn where Count Zinzendorf was living with a little colony of Moravians. Thence he went to Herrnhut, their central colony, where he spent two weeks. On his return to England, he preached in such churches as gave him opportunity, but his doctrine of regeneration through faith was not popular, and one by one the churches were closed to him.

In 1742 we find him visiting his old home in Epworth. He attended the parish church in the morning and listened to a sermon *against* enthusiasm. That evening at six o'clock he stands on his father's tomb and preaches on en-

thusiasm and continues doing this for seven successive evenings.

So gradually Wesley, finding the churches closed to him, preached out-of-doors, and the common people heard him gladly.

During those fifty years, this man, slight of stature, of less than middle height, never weighing over a hundred and twenty pounds, seems to have been made of tough fibre, for he would preach at five o'clock in the morning; ride twenty or thirty miles and preach at noon; ride on and preach at night. For years he averaged fifty miles on horseback and three sermons a day. His audiences sometimes numbered above twenty thousand in the open air. His voice seemed to grow stronger with the increased demands. Besides he managed to write, and not only on religious themes either. A little book on common diseases and their cure which he wrote, proved so popular that it passed through several editions in the first year.

He read much, and much of his reading was done on horseback.

The large numbers converted, demanded pastoral care, and the great number he couldn't reach cried out for his gospel. This need was met by his training men to go out, as Wycliffe had sent out the Lollards four centuries before. The growth of the work demanded a central executive plant. This was found in an abandoned foundry on City Road, London, where now the Chapel erected in 1778 stands just

across from Bunhill Cemetery, the resting place of his mother, Susanna Wesley.

Those fifty years were years of fruitfulness, if ever fifty years brought fruit. Over five hundred preachers and one hundred and twenty thousand members witnessed to the gospel John Wesley preached before his death. Who shall estimate the number and the service of those that have been influenced by him through the intervening years!

They were years of hard work and of sacrifice, for Wesley loved those things which all men love and long for. Often he yearned for a home of his own, as he wearily rode the muddy or snowy roads. Many of the comforts that a man like him would value, he gave up for the sake of the gospel, for he was a man who loved bodily cleanliness as well as cleanness of soul. Careful, even fastidious about his person, he emanated cleanliness. When the crowds threw mud at him, he seems to have noticed more that it spotted his clothes, than that it hurt his person.

His, too, was a sacrifice of home life. That he valued the domestic comforts is shown by his becoming engaged when forty-six years old to one Grace Murray, an attractive vivacious widow of twenty-six, and would have married her, had not his brother Charles, feeling she was not staid enough for one of John's position, interfered and arranged her marriage to another.

Two years later John did marry, but it was not a happy mating. So disappointed in love, he still went on his lonely way, faithfully serving the Master.

His sacrifice, too, included that of friendships. He was a genial man; a man apt in conversation. He would have been called to-day, "a good mixer," but who can keep up active friendship with a man who has just preached and is now riding twenty miles on horseback to another appointment? Any one who would attempt such friendliness would feel that he was like the Irishman's flea, "always where he ain't." So while others joined the genial company of friends before the fireplace, he pursued his lonely life of work.

His writings brought him a goodly sum of money, but this too, he put back into the lives of the common people, for he loved them, did this "Apostle of the Common People."

His journal tells us many things of the roads, and the robbers, and the heads of men, hung for various crimes, stuck up on spikes here and there along the lonely roads, and the travel of those days. Sometimes the coach is his conveyance instead of the horse. On one of these occasions when riding in a coach, the motley crowd raided them. There were nine in the coach, "three on each side and three in the middle." Wesley did not joke, but who can read this entry in his journal without a smile,—
"A mob closely attended us, throwing in at the

windows whatever came next to hand. But a large gentlewoman who sat in my lap, screened me, so that nothing came near me." A suggestive use for a large gentlewoman! Yet even as we see the diminutive John Wesley buried beneath this "large gentlewoman" and smile, we think of the prodigious sacrifice and labor of this man through all those years.

One by one his closest loved ones died; his mother, that wise counselor through all her life; his brother Charles, who was always very close to him; the wise old counselors of other days. Increasingly he must have felt these losses and yet he could say, "I count it as much a sin to worry as to swear." He might have said with James Whitcomb Riley

"I've said goodbye, goodbye, goodbye,
And I'm a cheerful old man still."

Year after year he made his tours through England. He planned as usual his rounds in 1791. In February he preached in City Road Chapel. Then out into the country surrounding London this man of eighty-eight went preaching. On Friday, February 25th, he went to the room he reserved for himself in City Road, his only home. There the next week on a Tuesday, as loved followers stood around the bed, he sat up and in a loud voice said, "*The best of all is, God is with us.*" That night he was heard to murmur again and again, "I'll praise. I'll

praise." At ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, March second, 1791, John Wesley opened his eyes, looked upon his friends who stood about, and quietly said, "Farewell" and "he was not, for God took him."

His body lay in the Chapel, where thousands came to look into his face. For fear of the large throng that would come, the body was interred between five and six o'clock on the morning of March ninth, being carried to the grave according to his request "by six poor men." Even at that early hour, thousands attended the service and heard the minister read of the taking "of our *Father* here departed."

On the tomb previously prepared by John Wesley back of the City Road Chapel is this inscription,

"This great light arose (by the singular providence of God) to enlighten these nations."

In Westminster Abbey is a monument to John Wesley and his brother Charles in the form of a tablet. On the upper part are profiles of the two brothers, and underneath, the inscription,—

"The best of all is, God is with us."

Below this is sculptured, a likeness of John Wesley in the act of preaching in the open, surrounded by his listeners. Under this the inscription,—

“I look upon all the world as my parish.”

John Wesley because of his message to the common people has taken his place among that constellation of morning stars which began to arise in the coming of the Renaissance, with such as Dante, Wycliffe, Huss and others.

The years had obscured the spiritual sense. It was a vulgar and uncouth age. Even the best of men had not grasped the inner significance of Christianity. John Wesley in early life was a good man, but the joy of salvation was not his. He strove to walk the arduous road to Heaven on the paving of righteous works. He looked for the persons and the means that would help him on his way; but with his conversion, his viewpoint changed and he saw the joy of bringing others the light he had found. He had learned that we do not earn heaven by the good works we do, but that we do good works because we have become children of Heaven.

Luther heralded a reform in doctrine; the Quakers a doctrine of “inner light,” but Wesley brought to a darkened age the glad tidings of an inner love, the assurance of God’s grace.

His prayer was that he might have a soul full of God and his life was a prayer that others might have this too.

George Eliot in *Adam Bede* has given us a good picture of John Wesley to hang in the gallery of our memory, in the words she puts on the lips of Dinah Morris,—

"I remember his face well; he was a very old man, and had very long white hair. His voice was very soft and beautiful, not like any voice I had ever heard before. I was a little girl, and scarcely knew anything, and this old man seemed to me a different sort of a man from anybody I had ever seen before, that I thought he had perhaps come down from the skies to preach to us, and I said, 'Aunt, will he go back into the sky tonight, like the picture in the Bible?'"

And indeed he had come down from the sky to preach to us, and as surely has he gone back into the sky there to shine, the Morning Star of Modern Spirituality, until the day of spiritual light shall dawn.

THE MORNING STAR OF MODERN
MISSIONS

WILLIAM CAREY

ENGLAND-INDIA

(1761-1834)

"Columbus was the real discoverer of the new world, though not its first discoverer, and it is from his voyages that the settlement of this continent by Europeans is properly dated. So, from the work of Carey, though he was not the first of modern missionaries, from the organization of the Baptist Missionary Society, though it was not the first missionary organization of modern times, dates a conception of the duty of Christians so greatly enlarged, an increase of missionary activity so vast, that as we may properly call Columbus the discoverer of America, we may with equal propriety call Carey the Father of Modern Missions."

Henry C. Vedder.

"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes."—Isaiah 54: 2.

CAREY

COULD there be a better designation than the "heart of England" for that section of the British Isles which fostered John Wycliffe, George Fox the founder of the Friends, John Bunyan, the writer of *Pilgrim's Progress*, William Shakespeare, the universal poet, William Cowper, and many others of England's greatest spiritual leaders? Not the least among these was William Carey, born in "The Midlands" at Paulersbury, August 17, 1761.

It was a very humble cottage in which William was born, but withal not a bad place for a good start in life. He was the oldest of five children. His father was a weaver. His grandmother, a devout and cultured woman, came to live in their home on the death of her husband, and her influence over William was especially uplifting.

Very early in life Carey showed a thirst for knowledge and investigation. The boys nicknamed him "Columbus." While William was yet a small boy, the family moved to the house connected with the town school. Here he had a room of his own, which he proceeded to fill with insects and birds and bugs, that he might watch their progress. His sister gives us this picture of her renowned brother, "He never

walked out, I think, when a boy, without observation on the hedges as he passed; and when he took up a plant of any kind he always observed it with care. Though I was but a child I well remember his pursuits. He was generally one of the most active in all the amusements and recreations that boys in general pursue. He was always beloved by the boys about his own age."

His uncle was a gardener and gave him the first lessons in botany, a study which he continued throughout his entire life.

Years after, looking back on this early period of his life, Carey tells us, "I chose to read books of science, voyages, etc., more than any others."

Though Carey had this love of knowledge, because his father was only a poor man, his prospects were not very bright. In that dull age the probability was that he might be a schoolmaster, or perhaps a day laborer, with the prospect of the poor-house in sickness or old age.

His becoming a day laborer in the fields was prevented by an affection of the skin caused by exposure to the sun, which gave him great pain. This career closed to him, he was at the age of sixteen apprenticed to Clarke Nickols, a shoemaker in the neighboring town of Hackleton.

Carey pictures this master as a very good moral man and a strict churchman, though sometimes he drank rather freely; "but he was an inveterate enemy to lying, a vice to which I

was awfully addicted." He pictures himself at this time as a "hater of dissenters." "I had, moreover," he writes, "a share of pride sufficient for a thousand times my knowledge; I therefore always scorned to have the worst in an argument, and the last word was usually mine." A fellow apprentice, a dissenter, used to try to convince Carey who had been brought up in the Established Church, of the need of a change of heart; that externals were not enough to make a man right with God. With pharisaic assurance, Carey would bluster forth his objections. "But," he writes, "I was often convinced afterwards that although I had the last word, my antagonist had the better of the argument." This caused an uneasiness which was intensified by an incident, that convinced him more fully of his need of a Saviour. It was the custom for apprentices to collect Christmas donations for themselves, from their master's customers. An ironmonger gave Carey the choice of a shilling or a sixpence. Naturally Carey chose the shilling. With the donation he bought some purchases for himself and after making them, found that the shilling was a counterfeit, and that he had exceeded his supply of money. Fearing his master's wrath he determined to contend that the brass shilling was his master's. He also called God in to help. "I thereby promised that, if God would but get me clearly over this, or, in other words, help me through with the theft, I would certainly for the future

leave off all evil practices; but this theft and consequent lying appeared to me so necessary, that they could not be dispensed with." He further tells us that a gracious God did *not* get him safely through. His lie was discovered and best of all his own weakness and sin were revealed to him. He began seeking peace, and at the age of eighteen there appeared to him the "Crucified One," and the "hypocritical Pharisee was converted into the evangelical preacher."

The change was of course a gradual one. Help to young converts was not as accessible then as now, and Carey was thrown upon his own resources in finding his way, by reading the Bible for himself. One book, a little volume, came into his hand about this time, which Carey ever after prized as one of the greatest influences in his life, "Help to Zion's Travelers," by Robert Hall, the father of the more renowned Robert Hall. This good man took an interest in Carey and helped him toward being a Christian, and also gave him directions as to how to become a preacher.

His study of Scripture led him to believe in immersion and Mr. Ryland a Baptist minister records, "On October 5th, 1783, I baptized in the River Nen, a poor journeyman shoemaker." The text on that occasion could not have been more definitely true,—“Many first shall be last, and the last first.”

Immediately after his conversion he began talking to others about Christ. His expositions

of Scripture were so clear and his manner so persuasive that many people wanted him to "exercise his gift" as a preacher. He began in a little "licensed house" at Pury, and in other places as opportunity afforded. He attended a meeting of the Baptist Association in Olney, where he met his life-long friend, Andrew Fuller. So Carey presents himself to us at this time as a cobbler and a preacher, and so poor that often he had not money to buy food.

To add to the burdens of Carey, his master died, leaving him as a heritage his wife and family and a number of debts. Instead of trying to escape these, Carey shouldered the responsibility, assumed his master's debts, and over the doorway he placed his sign,—“Second Hand Shoes Bought and Sold.” At the age of twenty he married the sister of his master's wife. It was a sad union with one never in sympathy with her husband's high purpose, and who later developed insanity, of which she died some twenty years after in India. Yet during all those years Carey showed her loving care.

Later, Carey was called to preach in Moulton, where he finally moved his shop, pegging shoes and peddling them from town to town during the week and preaching on Sunday. The old church record of that district has this entry.

“April 29th, 1787.—Church Meeting. After the Order, our Brother William Carey was dismissed to the Church of Christ at Moulton in

Northamptonshire with a view to his ordination there."

His salary at Moulton was fifteen pounds a year. This he augmented by teaching in the town school and his shoe trade.

Truly it would seem "that no man in England had apparently a more wretched lot or more miserable prospects than he."

The row of six houses in one of which he lived, still remains. Poor little houses, one room on a floor. You can look right through the front window from the street to the court in the back. The street itself is dismal and narrow and perhaps there came then some village gossip, as came to pry into our affairs as we tried to picture the great missionary in that little room. But in spite of her, we can finally succeed in conjuring him up again. There he sits at his bench, near the window looking out on the garden, that he kept far better than it is to-day. On the wall before him is a large map of the world with pieces of paper pinned here and there, on which in his neat handwriting are facts of all sorts about the different countries, gleaned from his broad reading.

On the bench and all around him are books and more books;—The Bible in Latin, Greek, Hebrew; books of all sorts. There he sits, a little man, completely bald, with a twinkle in his eyes.

Is this where the great Carey lived, in this

little room? Hardly! A man's body may be in a very little room, but his spirit may be where he wills, and no man ever lived in a bigger world than Carey, in those days.

What Carlyle said of George Fox might have been said with even greater truth of William Carey,—“Sitting in his stall, working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horn, rosin, swine bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had nevertheless a Living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards and discern its celestial Home.” And it might be added,—he could look outward and behold all the peoples of the earth, and that “Living Spirit” yearned to go out and tell all of the “celestial Home.”

This feeling he tried to communicate to his fellow ministers as occasion offered, but with apparently little success, as is shown in an incident which occurred at the ministerial meeting held at Northampton in 1786.

Old Mr. Ryland, who presided, asked the younger ministers if they would propose some question for discussion. Carey suggested that they consider, “Whether the command given to the Apostles, to teach all nations, was not obligatory on all succeeding ministers to the end of the world, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent.”

The aged minister in a fury shouted his rebuke, which however, but expressed the com-

mon belief of that day, "You are a miserable enthusiast for asking such a question. Certainly nothing can be done before another Pentecost, when an effusion of miraculous gifts including the gift of tongues, will give effect to the commission of Christ as at first."

It must have been a humiliating experience to the young preacher, and a discouraging one, too, but if they would not *listen* to him perhaps he could get people who would *read* his views. So he wrote a pamphlet entitled,—“An Inquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens, in which the Religious State of the Different Nations of the World, the Success of Former Undertakings, and the Practicability of Further Undertakings, are considered by William Carey.” A man by name of Thomas Potts, one of those less renowned but essential contributors to progress, gave Carey ten pounds to publish the tract which appeared in 1792.

There was no man better qualified to write such a comprehensive tract, than Carey with his linguistic ability, his broad knowledge gained through years of interested study, and his keen enthusiasm. It has been called “the *first* and *greatest* missionary treatise in the English language.”

The spirit of the man and his cherished incentive may be seen in the closing words,—“It is true all the reward is of mere grace, but it is nevertheless encouraging; what a treasure,

what a harvest must await such characters as Paul, and Eliot, and Brainerd, and others, who have given themselves wholly to the work of the Lord! What a heaven it will be to see the many myriads of poor heathen, of Britons among the rest, who by their labors have been brought to the knowledge of God! Surely a crown of rejoicing like this is worth aspiring to. Surely it is worth while to lay ourselves out with all our might, in promoting the cause and kingdom of Christ."

In 1789, Carey moved from Moulton to Leicester, where he preached on Sundays and taught school during the week from nine to four. In addition, he managed to study botany and other branches of learning, so that soon the whole town spoke with pride of the new Baptist minister.

The ministers' meeting of 1792 came round. The place was Nottingham, the day May 31st. Carey was to preach the sermon. He chose as his text Isaiah 54:2-3. His outline was simple:—two points, "*Expect Great Things from God. Attempt Great Things for God!*"

It was a good sermon. They were all satisfied to dismiss the meeting and let it go at that. Carey seized Andrew Fuller's arm and cried out,—“Are you, after all, going to do nothing?”

The meeting was called to order and a motion passed that at the next quarterly meeting to be held in Kettering, plans be presented for

forming a society for the purpose of propagating the Gospel among the heathen.

Today, if you will go, you will find still standing that fine old, gabled house surrounded by a charming English garden. In the brick wall in front you will see a tablet, telling the visitor that here on October 2nd, 1792, was organized the first society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen. The house has been purchased by the Baptists and is maintained as a home for missionaries back on furlough. It is a benediction to stay there a few days, and to picture that momentous meeting. What men these were! The Secretary was Andrew Fuller. His body lies in the churchyard back of the Baptist Church in Kettering. The grave fell in a few years ago. The bones of the saint were carefully taken up until the place could be properly repaired. A present deacon of that fine old church over which Fuller was Pastor for so many years, said with awe, "I held the skull of Andrew Fuller in these hands of mine and placed it on that table."

His spirit seems still to hover over that great Baptist Church in Kettering. What a perpetual blessing a good man is! "You excel me in wisdom, especially in seeing difficulties. I therefore want to advise with you both, but to execute without you," said this indomitable preacher to Ryland and Sutcliff.

Then, there was William Carey, the spirit of this movement who said, "I will go down into

the well of heathenism, but you must hold the ropes."

In that company, also, was Samuel Pearce, the minister of Birmingham, who went home from the meeting, gathered together his savings and sent seventy pounds toward the project, offering also himself.

Archbishop Farrar, looking back upon that gathering, said in Westminster Abbey in March, 1887, "Those who in that day sneered that England had sent a cobbler to convert the world were the lineal descendants of those who sneered in Palestine two thousand years ago, 'Is not this the carpenter?'"

Charles Grant who had been in India for many years on Government duty wrote, "I had formed the design of a mission to Bengal: Providence reserved that honor for the Baptists."

George Smith, one of Carey's biographers, says,—“After all, the twelve village pastors in the back parlour of Kettering were the real successors of the twelve apostles in the upper room of Jerusalem.”

On the 10th of January, 1793, William Carey and a physician, Dr. John Thomas, who had been in India, were appointed as missionaries on a salary of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds a year to support the two missionaries, their wives and four children, until such time as they could support themselves.

Carey's mother was dead. His father was

eighty-five years old. His wife was not sympathetic to the project. The British East India Company did not welcome missionaries. Carey, like Jacob of old, might have said, "All these things are against me!" Nevertheless at sunrise June 13th, 1793, Carey with his party boarded the Danish steamer *Kron Princessa Maria* bound to Serampore and on the eleventh of November, after a five months' voyage, landed in Calcutta.

"I feel something of what Paul felt when he beheld Athens, and 'his spirit was stirred within him'," Carey writes home. "If the Gospel flourishes here, 'the wilderness will in every respect become a fruitful field.'"

They had landed in Bengal among a hundred million souls, worshipping three hundred and thirty million gods. No one knew better than Carey the herculean task before them, yet he could write home, "I feel myself happy in my present undertaking for, though I never felt the loss of social religion so much as now, yet a consciousness of having given up all for God is a support; and the work, with all its attendant inconveniences, is to me a rich reward." And even then he bids those at home "keep their eyes towards Africa and Asia" for Christ. Was there ever such another man?

What inspired brush can adequately paint those forty years in India! Only the barest outlines can be drawn. Let your reverent imagination clothe these!

For seven years Carey lived and worked in Calcutta. So bitter was the British East India Company against missionary effort that they were permitted to stay not as missionaries, but William Carey as an indigo planter, and Doctor Thomas as a physician. During these years he gathered materials for future use, learning the Bengali and Sanskrit languages. Writing to his loved friend Pearce, he said, "If I, like David, only am an instrument of gathering materials and another build the house, I trust my joy will not be the less." During part of this time they were so straitened in circumstances that once he had to borrow sixteen pounds from a native at twelve per cent. interest.

At length the restriction of his work became so great, that he moved to Serampore, about seven miles from Calcutta, where they could settle as missionaries. They settled here January tenth, 1800, and here for thirty-four years until his death, William Carey lived and worked.

He purchased a house for about eight hundred pounds with the money he had made in the indigo business. About five acres of land adjoined the house, and this Carey converted into a botanical garden, which furnished him recreation and added to the scientific knowledge of the flora of India.

He now settled down to that long life of varied attainments which seem almost impossible for one man. He was first of all an *evangelist*.

For seven years Carey had daily preached Christ in Calcutta without a convert. But on the last Sunday of the year 1800, he baptized Krishna Pal, thirty-five years old. This convert became a famous missionary and a noted Bengali hymn writer. Never through all the years did Carey allow anyone or anything to steal from him the joy of personal evangelism.

He was a *translator*. He produced the Bible in Bengali. Finding no words in their language to express "love" and "repentance," he had to make them. To make effective his translations he had to have them printed, so he set up a printing press in Serampore; a business still thriving there to this hour. Between 1801 and 1822, thirty-six translations of the Scriptures were made, edited and printed by Carey at Serampore.

He was a *philanthropist*. Seeing the needs of the people he devised means of supplying free medicine and medical aid, and established a medical college to further this work.

He was a *reformer*. Horrified by the spectacle of a widow being burned alive, over the body of her dead husband, he started in motion those measures that finally officially abolished that brutal practice from India.

He was a *scientist*, producing in his garden fruits and vegetables native to England; experimenting and crossing varieties until he interested the government, and had shown them the way to make tea growing, cotton, etc., of com-

mercial value and adding greatly to the food stuffs of India. Of his scientific contributions in the realm of botany and native inventions, time will not suffice to tell.

He was a *teacher*. When Lord Wellesley founded Fort William College, at Calcutta in 1801, Carey was the only man they could find capable of filling the chair of Bengali and Sanskrit.

He was first, last and always a *Christian* and to him, to be a Christian was to be a *missionary*.

His fine Christian spirit is evidenced time after time in the conduct of the ever growing mission and the coming in of new helpers, and when he was maligned by those jealous of his ever increasing favor and popularity.

To him there was no greater honor than that of being Christ's missionary. When his son Felix accepted a flattering offer as a government official, the father sorrowfully writes, "*My son Felix has shriveled from a missionary to an ambassador.*"

Could there be a more beautiful picture than this which George Smith paints of the wide range of Carey's work in those Serampore years? "Here was for nearly a whole generation a sublime spectacle—the Northamptonshire shoemaker training the governing class of India in Sanskrit, Bengali, and Marathi all day, and translating the Ramayana and the Veda, and then when the sun went down, returning to the society of 'the maimed, the halt, and the blind,

and many with the leprosy,' to preach in several tongues the glad tidings of the Kingdom to the heathen of England as well as of India, and all with a loving tenderness and patient humility learned in the childlike school of Him who said, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' "

There were personal sadnesses, and losses and disappointments, yet as the years multiplied, the life of Carey seemed to grow brighter and more beautiful. As he passed his three-score years and ten, his step lost something of its alertness, and yet he labored on with unabated interest. More than thirty years after Carey's death, Mr. Gogerly who visited Carey writes of his last visit to the missionary,—

"At this time I paid him my last visit. He was seated near his desk in the study, dressed in his usual neat attire; his eyes were closed, and his hands clasped together. On his desk was the proof sheet of the last chapter of the New Testament, which he had revised a few days before. His appearance, as he sat there, with the few white locks which adorned his venerable brow, and his placid colourless face, filled me with a kind of awe; for he appeared as though listening to the Master's summons, and as waiting to depart. I sat in his presence, for about half an hour, and not one word was uttered; for I feared to break that solemn silence, and call back to earth the soul that seemed almost in heaven. At last, however, I spoke;

and well do I remember the identical words that passed between us, though more than thirty-six years have elapsed since then. I said, 'My dear friend, you evidently are standing on the borders of the eternal world; do not think it wrong, then, if I ask, What are your feelings in the immediate prospect of death?' The question roused him from his apparent stupor, and opening his languid eyes, he earnestly replied, 'As far as my personal salvation is concerned, I have not the shadow of a doubt; I know in Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day; but when I think I am about to appear in the presence of a holy God, and remember all my sins and manifold imperfections—I tremble.' He could say no more. The tears trickled down his cheeks, and after a while he relapsed into the same state of silence from which I had aroused him."

Dr. James Culross tells of Alexander Duff's last visit to Carey.—"We spent some time talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life, till at length the dying man whispered, 'Pray.' Duff knelt down and prayed, and then said 'Good-bye.' As he passed from the room, he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name, and, turning, he found that he was recalled. He stepped back accordingly, and this is what he heard, spoken with gracious solemnity: 'Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, —Dr. Carey. When I am gone, say nothing

about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour.' ”

It was Monday morning June 9th, 1834, at half after five, as the sun was rising, that Carey's soul at last found the day in the presence of Him Whom years before his soul had seen through the shadows and toward Whom he had unerringly kept his eyes during all the years between.

The next morning as they carried his body to the Christian burying ground, though it poured rain, the Danish Governor, his wife and members of the council were there to do him reverence, and the flag floated at half mast. The road was lined with the poor, Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, who had received bounty at his hand; and their tears mingled with the rain.

On the little plain stone that marks his grave is “this inscription and nothing more” according to his direction,—

“William Carey, born August 17th, 1761
died June 9th, 1834.

A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall.”

Why call him the Morning Star of Modern Missions? Had not other missionaries gone out before him to tell the story to non-Christian people? He was preceded by Ziegenbalg the Dane who more than half a century before had

gone as missionary to the Tamils; by Schwartz, the Prussian, who succeeded Ziegenbalg; by the Moravian missionaries to the Negroes of St. Thomas and to other peoples. Then why call him the morning star of Modern Missions? Because all of these, though devoted, yet remained as little stars in the dark firmament, that but made more apparent the darkness, while Carey somehow so stimulated missionary interest that he ushered in a new day of obedience to Jesus' command to "Go!"

His courage and enthusiasm and example shamed other Christian bodies into action. The old hard shell of hyper-Calvinism, that stifled missionary effort, was broken. It was in 1793 that he succeeded in having a missionary society organized. Note the rapid succession of organizations among other Christian bodies! In 1797 four years later, the Religious Tract Society; seven years after this in 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society. Shortly after, the American Societies were formed, and within twenty-five years every denomination was looking out toward the evangelization of the world. A new day had dawned.

In respect to his *method*, he may also justly be called the Morning Star of Modern Missions. He introduced in his mission every form of modern methods,—evangelistic, educational, medical, industrial, social. The historian of missions will tell you, he was first:

"The *first* complete or partial translation of

the Bible printed in forty languages or dialects of India, China, Central Asia, and other neighboring lands, at a cost of eighty thousand, one hundred and forty-three pounds; the *first* prose work and vernacular newspaper in Bengali, the language of seventy million human beings; the *first* printing press on an organized scale, paper-mill, and steam-engine seen in India; the *first* Christian primary school in North India; the *first* efforts to educate native girls and women; the *first* college to train native ministers and Christianize native Hindus; the *first* Hindu Protestant convert; the *first* medical mission, of which that convert was, to some extent, the fruit; the establishment and maintenance of at least thirty separate large mission stations; the *first* botanic garden and society for the improvement of agriculture and horticulture in India; the *first* translation into English of the great Sanskrit epics."

By him were introduced those methods now recognized as a part of every well organized mission station.

In point of view of *results* he was a herald of a new day. Almost alone, he stood in that day, among the millions of heathenism. Within fifty years of his death the Protestant native churches of India numbered a half-million souls. To-day, thousands of missionaries are telling the story to non-Christian peoples, and millions have learned to look up to God and call Him "Father."

When at last the "Sun of Righteousness shall rise with Healing in His wings" upon all the kingdoms of the earth, there shall be seen still visible in the brightness of that new day, the morning star of modern missions, William Carey. Then shall we hear his refrain set to heavenly music, "Speak of William Carey's Saviour."

THE UNSUNG STARS

“And these all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect. Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.”—
Hebrews XI: 39-12: 1.

UNSUNG STARS OF THE MORNING

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, for many years President of the French Astronomical Society, tells us in his picturesque way that there are nineteen stars of first magnitude, fifty-two of second magnitude, one hundred and eighty of third, five hundred and forty of the fourth and that some seven thousand stars of lesser magnitudes are discernible to the naked eye. An opera glass would disclose about thirteen thousand; a small telescope one hundred thousand, and that up to the fourteenth magnitude there must be about forty-four million stars. Many of these stars, he tells us, are flaming suns some of which are far larger than our sun.

But the sun and moon *appear* to us to be the greatest of the heavenly bodies.

It requires a distinct act of faith on our part to believe that the sun and moon are not the greatest. It is with persons as with heavenly bodies. There are some who are outstanding. So they *appear* greater than others, but, because they appear greater, does not make them so. Conspicuousness is not greatness. Too long have we exalted the conspicuous leaders in peace and war, while the quality of greatness has been

too often overlooked. The fact that the sun looks larger than some far-off fixed star, does not *make* it so; nor does fame make a man really greater than his unknown but fine spirited fellow.

At Stoke Poges just outside of London, there is a little church surrounded by a graveyard. A great overhanging yew tree shades a tomb table-high of marble, now much worn by the elements. Here one day Thomas Gray sat and looking about over the graves, mused on those whose bodies lay there,

“Some village Hampden, that with dauntless
breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country’s
blood.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.”

In that little city of the dead were those whose hearts had beat nobly with love of liberty, had aspired to high thinking, had fought bravely on little battlefields, and though the *achievement* of conspicuous greatness was never theirs, the *quality* of real greatness rested within them.

The area before the temple is crowded with merchants, the rich, the renowned from many

lands. The great brazen jars resound to the clinking of gold and silver as these great of earth cast of their abundance into the temple treasury and pass on in self-satisfied complacency. In marked contrast to their grandeur, yet with exquisite grace and tenderness, a poor widow, bent with years and hard work, dropped two mites into the great jar and passed on to the reverent worship of the God she loved. A discerning eye saw her, and Jesus turning to his disciples said, "See that woman with the faded shawl and bowed form!" The disciples could hardly make her out amid that resplendent throng. "She has given more than all these others, because she has given of her very life."

All of which leads us to the question as to what is greatness anyway? We have been talking about outstanding men, leaders in the journey of man upward. If greatness is measured as the Master said, by service, then these men were truly great. If greatness is quality of soul, then these men were great. Look at them, any one of them, Dante, Savonarola, Wesley!

But it is not given to many to rise above his fellows as these men did. Then must the majority of men forever give up the idea of being great? Is greatness possible only to a few?

David Grayson describes greatness by telling of Carlstrom. Carlstrom had come from Sweden and had set up a shop where he mended anything in metal and took pride in mending it right. The more hopeless the job, the more sure

he was to mend it exactly right. Not money but workmanship was the object of Carlstrom's labor. For forty years he had risen early and worked late. He had taken part in the simple activities of the town. He was no recluse. He worked for the good of his community on election days and others. He was to be found washed up and shining in his place at Church on the Sabbath Day.

Of him, Grayson says in his book on "Friendship," "he had beaten out the respect of the whole town and fashioned for himself wisdom, and peace of mind, and the ripe humour which sees that God is in His world." Then in his characteristically happy way, Grayson says—"The more I think of it, the more I think that our gunsmith possesses many of the qualities of true greatness. He has the serenity, and the humour, and the humility of greatness. He has a real faith in God. He works; he accepts what comes. He thinks there is no more honorable calling than that of gunsmith, and that the town he lives in is the best of all towns, and the people he knows the best people. Yes, it is greatness."

Here is a message of inspiration to the humblest; any man or woman, boy or girl, no matter where he is, or what he does for a living, may be great, for greatness is *quality of soul*, not praise of men. As the star which appears little to our view may actually be a blazing sun in the eyes of God, so the humblest person may

be great in the sight of Him who sees things as they are.

Sometimes, long time reveals what nearness fails to show. Mozart died unheralded and was carried to a pauper's grave; but the years have placed him on the pedestal of fame as the father of modern music. Is it not conceivable that this readjustment of judgment may reveal that many who now stand last, may really be first? As we look back on these characters, we find that their lives have been influenced by other lives in every instance. So while we love to sing of these bright stars of the morning, shall we not raise a hymn of praise to the unsung stars who helped to make effective their shining.

Among the unsung great of earth are the *good mothers*.

"I marvel at your patience," said Samuel Wesley to his wife Susanna. "You have told that child the same thing twenty times." "It required that often to make what I told it effective," replied the mother of John Wesley. It was through her the illustrious son acquired the habits of industry and method, and that devotion to God which sent him forth to shine;—the morning star of spirituality in modern times. With her nineteen children and her household tasks she labored on, a real heroine.

"He sang to the world, and she to her nest,
In the nice ear of nature, which song is the
best?"

And who shall say that the mother's teaching in self-forgetful service, does not deserve much of the praise which is sung to the heroes of the world!

John Milton's *father* was a great lover of music and best of all he understood his son. When John came home from college, the father filled the house with the best of music and musicians. Culture was the order of the home. How great a part, say you, had the father in making his renowned son the "great organ-voice of England."

And there is the old *grandmother*! What of greatness can she hope for, and yet Carey owed much, as many another man does, to the quiet, loving devotion of the aged grandmother whose rich experience has taught her that in quietness and confidence in God is true strength.

Who shall sing an adequate song to the *wives* of men!

We speak of the great mission of Carey in Serampore, but he would tell us that much of the success of that mission was due to Hannah Marshman, who for forty-six years was not only the inspiration to her husband, but the very mother of that new enterprise.

One day Nathaniel Hawthorne returned home. He was beaten. He had lost his position at the Custom House. He hated to face his wife, for he had failed. His wife met the dejected husband with glad welcome. But there was no joy in his heart, for what could he do?

—no work, no money. The far-seeing wife said, "I'm glad you have lost the position. Now you will have time to write your book!" "Yes, but how can we live?" Then she showed him some money she had saved from his small earnings and she urged him on. Is it any wonder that with such a wife he succeeded and there came from his pen one of the "best sellers," *The Scarlet Letter*. To whom are we indebted for that book? To Nathaniel Hawthorne or to his wife, or both? Many a man has succeeded and has been praised, whose success and praise belong in large measure to his wife.

The home furnishes myriad examples of true greatness. Let us sing a song of praise to those who shine in the obscurity of the home.

The *teacher* standing patiently before her class in some obscure schoolhouse; the *preacher*, ordained and unordained, with patient uncomplaining love, encouraging, instructing, helping with unselfish hand; how these should share in the songs to greatness!

One Sunday morning before the service in a little Scottish kirk, a layman told the faithful old preacher that there must be something wrong with the preaching for not a person had been added to the church that year. With what a heavy heart he preached that morning! At the close of the service, he sat there in the empty, silent church, longing for the end of the journey as he saw the little church through a mist of tears. He did not notice the door opening,

and was startled when a hand was placed softly on his arm. It was a little boy standing there. "Do you think," the lad asked him timidly, "do you think if I would study hard, I could become a preacher?" "May God bless you my boy. Yes, I think you can become a preacher." The years passed on, and to-day men sing the praises of Robert Moffatt the great pioneer missionary in Southern Africa; but how about that faithful old preacher there in the country church, who started him on his way?

It was an unknown monk, who in his sermon said something that went right to Savonarola's heart, a something he treasured carefully all his life, which decided Savonarola to become a preacher. Who shall add to the hymn of the achievement of that great reformer a stanza of praise to the faithful old monk who put that treasure in Savonarola's heart! Many of the unknown preachers, saddened by their apparent failure, will be astonished to find themselves standing one day among the great.

It was a snowy New Year's Day. Two men trudged bravely through the storm to church. By eleven o'clock about a dozen others had gathered. The minister was at a distance and had probably been storm-stayed. What should they do? Finally a rather poor looking man yielded to the urging of the people to go up to the pulpit and start the service. He was nervous. He was no speaker. He looked over the church,—some three hundred empty seats, about

two dozen people whom he knew very well and one stranger, a boy of about fifteen years.

A marble tablet now adorns the wall in the church near where the boy of fifteen sat that snowy morning. It tells that on that morning Charles Haddon Spurgeon was converted and gave his heart to Christ;—Charles Haddon Spurgeon the great preacher, whose ministry brought thousands into the Kingdom. Who will place a tablet to the man who took the minister's place, and to that noble little band of Christians who braved the storm to go to church that morning and so made possible the service in which the renowned preacher was converted? *When shall we learn to sing due praise to the obscure but loyal members of churches who are truly as great in heart as the most conspicuous leaders!*

In the daily walks of life there are heroes and heroines whose lives are set to divine music. There was the apprentice serving the same master to whom William Carey was apprenticed. In those days, Carey tells us, he had conceit for a thousand times his knowledge, and loved to have the last word in an argument. But the quiet confidence of this fellow-apprentice convinced Carey that here was a man who had something more valuable than argument, and through the influence of this brother workman William Carey came to know Jesus as his Saviour. What part, think you, has this youth in the missionary harvest of Carey? In the songs

we raise to the great evangelists of the world, let us not forget the man at the bench who quietly brings his fellow workman to Jesus!

To-day we have the heart-searching plays of Shakespeare as a common heritage, but the plays were written only to entertain that generation, with no thought of permanent benefit to posterity. How did we come by them? Lowell tells us: "I doubt if posterity owes a greater debt to any two men living in 1623 than to the two obscure actors who in that year published the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. But for them it is more than likely that such of his works as had remained unpublished would have been irrevocably lost; among them *Julius Cæsar*, *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*. And they did it as they said, 'To keep the memory of such a worthy friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare.'"

So to the obscure actors as well as to the dramatist we owe these plays. Do they not deserve to have their praises sung?

And who shall exalt the two men who at their own charges built the church where John Huss preached; of Robert Haldene who sold all that he had and gave thirty-five thousand pounds to send out missionaries, with Benares as a center, as Carey did from Muduabate; of Grosseteste the learned and pious Bishop of Lincoln, whom Wycliffe called "Samuel Robert the great head and heart of the church," who helped pave the way for religious freedom; of the brave un-

named Anabaptists and Waldensians, who were reformers before the Reformation and without whom the Reformation could not have been effective!

It is with a thrill of joy and satisfaction we think of the recognition at last of the brave Waldensians who suffered untold agonies for the sake of freedom. As the result of the edict of persecution issued by the Duke of Savoy in 1686, Giovanni Luzzi tells us, eleven thousand of the fourteen thousand men, women and children perished miserably of hunger, fever, pestilence, in the darkness and damp of infected prisons. Then at last came the edict of toleration by Charles Albert, February 17th, 1848, after two centuries of agony.

Here comes the procession to celebrate with thanksgiving the edict. It is in the Campo di Marte in Turin in those very streets where "Waldensian" was a name of opprobrium. "Where shall these Waldensians be placed in the parade?" was the question. "Let them be first. They have been last long enough!" comes the decision. There they march, six hundred of them, to the continual shouting, "Evviva! Long live our Waldensian brethren!" Luzzi tells us that "more than one young man broke through the ranks and threw himself upon the neck of these grave mountaineers, whose voices were so choked with emotion that they could only reply by tears of recognition."

And as we sing of these, let us not forget that

three hundred years before on March 29th, 1558, in that very square, Gioffredo Varaglia, Pastor of the Waldensian parish of San Giovanni, suffered martyrdom, saying as the executioner was about to kill him, "Do your duty; my death will not be in vain."

We glided smoothly along over the summer sea on an ocean palace. There was the colorful throng enjoying the bracing breezes and the soft poetry of the sky and sea. The officers in clean uniform and gold braid seemed monarchs of the waters. Then we went down, down, down into the dark bottom of the ship, and there were men stripped to the waist shoveling, endlessly shoveling the black dirty coal into eager, blazing furnaces. Who will sing a song of those sweating, begrimed workmen buried beneath the splendor of the surface? Without these, the gay throngs above could not be; without these the ships cannot go down to sea; without these the men in braid would be helpless.

When shall we learn to sing to the *unsung stars*? When shall we learn to live as heroes in obscure places, knowing that He who tells the stars, sees them *all* as they *are*, not as they seem. He also makes no mistake about us.

What a fine-appearing, enviable picture he made—that well dressed, clean looking youth who approached Jesus one day with the assertion and the question: "I have kept all these laws. What lack I yet?"

Then did Jesus look through the man's exterior, to his heart. He saw there a dependence

upon money and the things that money brings, and while others saw the glitter, Jesus saw the need. This man needed to know that true worth was in being, not in things. But the youth would not pay the price, for he went away very sorrowful. Then Jesus turned to His disciples and said, "Many that are first shall be last, and many that are last, first." Not *all* but *many*. Carey was renowned and he was also *great*. Some are renowned but not great. Some are great and are not renowned. Heaven shall sing the song of praise to real greatness,

"And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod"

with heroic uncomplaining loyalty, shall shine as the stars forever and ever, for "God seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart."

Mr. E. W. Lewis tells the story of a waking dream. In the dream he approaches a building whose dome seemed to penetrate the heavens. A gracious guide conducts him through the building which consists of various spacious galleries, all opening on a great nave. The doorway to the first gallery bore the inscription,—"*Heroes of Battle*"; the second,—"*Heroes of the Lonely Way*"; the third,—"*Heroes of Truth*"; the fourth,—"*Heroes of Love*." In each of these were monuments and inscriptions to the great of earth in various realms. As he entered the last it seemed that the great dome

merged with the shining blue above. Faces appeared one by one, like stars in the twilight firmament,—one after another, as the appearing of the stars at evening, he could distinguish them, explorers, missionaries, reformers. Then brighter than the shining sun, in the zenith appeared a cross and the loveliest face of all. A hushed name breathed from the beholder's lips,—“*Jesus.*” Then came soft strains of music like the tones of an organ. Louder the music grew, and clearer, until words could be distinguished at last:

“In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o’er the wrecks of time.
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round His head sublime.”

Awed and hushed, the visitor retraced his steps to the entrance. There stood his guide.

“You will be here some day?” he asked.

“Me?” I stammered out; “me a hero?”

“Why not?” he softly asked. “Why not? You have it in you.”

“And as the guide reached out his hand, lo the print of the nail was there!”

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We have talked of heroes and heroism. We have traced the achievements of these pioneers

in the journey upward. Our present blessings have their roots in their sacrifices. But let us not forget that thousands unknown to posterity have added their share, as the unknown builders of the pyramids dragged the stones across the desert and died, but left the pyramids as the monument to their labor. These too, are great. Also, let us remember that we, even the humblest of us, may with true heroism take our place in the dark firmament of sin and wrong and suffering and add the light of our shining until the day of truth and right dawn, and the darkness flee away!

“Oh, may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence; live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
 stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge men’s
 search
 To vaster issues. So to live is heaven:
 To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing a beauteous order that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.

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This is life to come,—

Which martyred men have made more glorious

For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.”

"GOD HAVING PROVIDED SOME BETTER
THING FOR US,
THAT APART FROM US THEY SHOULD NOT
BE MADE PERFECT."

